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SYMPATHY.

We talked together, you and I;
It was a queenly night in June;
Low hung the moon in yonder sky,
And on your cheek low glanced the moon.

Your gentle hand was mine to hold,
My ill fed heart began to speak;
And ever as the tale was told,
Dear friend, the moon was on your cheek.

Old loss that would not let me rest,
Old grief that slept, but ever lay
A languid load upon my breast,
Awoke and wept themselves away.

Up climbed the moon, slow waned the night,
And still you bent to hear me speak;
I drank the comfort of the light
In those bright tears upon your cheek.

From off my life the burdens fall;
Still in their grave through tranquil years
They rest, those weary sorrows all,
That faded in the light of tears.
—Danske Dandridge in Harper's Bazar.

A STRANGE PICTURE.

I was visiting an old uncle of mine who lives in Bambridgeport, in a four story brick mansion which I am likely to inherit. Uncle Claiborne was formerly an active, enterprising peddler, fond of adventure, and never slow to relate events in his personal experience. I remember one stormy December evening, when the wind was howling dismally outside, and the snow driving fiercely against the window panes, he stirred the log fire into a cheerful blaze and related to me the following exciting adventure:

When I was about your age, Moses, I was reckoned the stoutest lad and the most active young peddler in the county, ready for a fight or a frolic; but while a constant pedestrian, meeting with no incident worthy of testing my courage and endurance, an event occurred which, though not of the character anticipated, was sufficiently novel to satisfy for some time to come my love for personal adventure.

I started off one week in November with my pack on my back, cheerfully whistling as I trudged through the lonely byroads, where many a helpless traveler had been waylaid, ever and anon starting as some jagged stump or guarded oak assumed the fierce guise of a lurking robber.

Toward the evening of a raw, chilly day I reached the outskirts of a small village, rejoiced to recognize a tavern sign, with a full length figure of Lafayette swinging in the breeze, so I marched inside and quite independently ordered a hot supper and a bed for the night.

The landlord—a burly, red faced individual—cocked his head on one side and considerately informed me that while the hot supper might be furnished, not a bed was to be had in the house for love or money, as it was assize week, and every spare room and closet was occupied.

"You can't accommodate me, then?" said I, much disappointed.

"No," replied he decidedly. "I am sorry, young man, I can't; but seeing it's a pretty cold night, and no chance of you finding quarters elsewhere, I'll take you in, provided you'll keep watch over a sick man upstairs, and you can have your supper gratis in the bargain."

"How far is it to the next tavern?" I asked, after a short pause, undecided as to the offer.

"Ten long miles."

I looked up the road, thought of the cold wind and inhospitable farm houses on my route, and rather hastily concluded to accept the strange proposition of mine host.

"You see," observed he, as he led me into the supper room, "we've a man here, a young lawyer, sick of a fever. All his friends are tired out watching with him. I don't like to leave the poor fellow alone, for I hardly expect he'll last the night through. All you've got to do is to keep an eye on him now, and then when he dies just let us know."

I imagined at that moment the innkeeper's face bore rather a singular expression. I wondered at it then, but I understood better before two hours had passed.

When I dispatched my supper I was shown into the sick man's chamber, and Boniface, after a few instructions to me, bade me good evening and left me there.

The apartment was of ordinary size, and situated in a wing of the building where the noise and bustle would not molest the invalid. The furniture was in the usual style; but there was something very familiar in a portrait that attracted my attention, for after casting a glance at the sick man, who lay muffled up in bed and breathing heavily, my eye involuntarily turned to the picture again.

It was the portrait of a young and beautiful female that had barely reached her sixteenth year, the face beaming with the innocent vivacity of girlhood, and the eyes sparkling with a wonderful degree of light and intelligence.

Riveted there by an unaccountable and mysterious fascination, I stood gazing at the lovely embodiment, almost expecting the face to glow with animation, the lips to part and speak, when I was startled as a clear, musical voice observed, "A beautiful picture, that."

I turned round to discover, with no small degree of astonishment, that the sick man had partially raised himself to a sitting posture, and was also contemplating the lovely portrait with as much earnestness as myself.

The invalid, despite the ravages of disease, which showed itself in his hollow eyes and attenuated frame, was an uncommonly handsome man. His features bore the impress of aristocratic lineage, and his finely chiseled nose and mouth expressed strong passions and uncontrollable will.

"You feel better," I said, recovering from my surprise.

He waved his hand impatiently.

"You have not answered my question. The picture—the picture! What do you think of it?"

"Pardon me, sir, it is beautiful!"

"You have no idea of the original?"

"None, sir."

"It is the portrait," replied the sick man, speaking slowly and deliberately, and fastening upon me his black, glittering eye—"it is the portrait of my dearest wife."

"Your wife!" I replied.

"My wife, Evelyn St. Croix," pursued the sick man; "do you notice her eye?"

"I do."

"A strange, unearthly expression; the artist was true to nature. She was mad when he painted her; she died raving mad."

"What a dreadful fate for one so young!"

"Listen; she deserved it. Evelyn St. Croix was beautiful, but she was weak and vain; she was graceful as a nymph, but false—false as hell!"

The sick man fell back on his pillow, exhausted by the violence of his exertions; then, after a few moments, he raised himself again and muttered hoarsely: "It affects me, the remembrance of her perfidy. It sometimes makes me wild and delirious. Stop, you shall hear about it—the story of my wrongs and sufferings."

"You are too weak; it excites you. I will listen to the story some other time."

"No, you shall hear it now," reiterated the sick man, almost fiercely. "I loved her—met her—loved her in a moment, before I had time to ask her whether she had any affection to bestow upon me. She was disappointed, and married me when she could not wed him whom she adored. I worshiped her, and deemed her as pure as the driven snow. She whispered in my ear that she loved me; and I, fool like, believed it, and accepted her caresses and protestations, never dreaming that woman loves silently the best, and kisses and blandishments are too often an artful cloak to conceal base designs. I was cozened and beguiled with soft, honeyed words and flattering caresses. I dreamt not all the while I was clasping a viper to my bosom— You are not listening to me!"

"I am."

"My family physician was young and fascinating. He had free access to my wife's society. He availed himself of it, and made her love for him a vehicle to his own selfish passions. The world guessed the truth. I knew nothing of my dishonor, for I had faith in Evelyn. My friends wondered at my blindness and pitied me. But finally a note fell in my hands; it opened my eyes—made me feel wretched. I laid a snare for my faithless wife and her paramour, and slew him before her eyes. She went raving mad. Since that fearful hour I have sworn a vow which I have ever kept."

The invalid paused and glared at me with a ferocity that caused a feeling of uneasiness to creep over me.

"You cannot guess?"

"No."

"I will tell you. Every year I have offered up a sacrifice on the altar of my vengeance. You must be the victim now."

"You do not mean that!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the sick man, suddenly raising himself upon his feet, while his eyes flashed like two balls of fire. "You think me weak—you are mistaken; I have the strength of Samson, you shall see."

As he said this, with one bound he vaulted to the floor, and deliberately locked and bolted the door. And now the horrible truth flashed upon me that I was with a madman, and that he had me completely and absolutely in his power. Confounded as I was by this startling discovery I endeavored to preserve my composure.

"I am to be your victim?"

"Yes; you cannot escape me!" he hissed. "You are a coward; I know it—I see it in your eye! Call and shout to the walls; they have ears and will listen; every one is asleep; no human ear can catch your cries; you are doomed; ha! ha! ha!"

Long and loud the maniac laughed. I felt the perilous situation I was in, yet I quailed not; everything depended upon my own courage and self possession. Quick as lightning I darted forward and caught up my walking stick—a stout and knotty weapon of defense, nearly as hard as iron.

"Come on!" I cried defiantly. "If you wish to have a bout with me you see I am ready."

The maniac seized a chair and struck at me with all the superhuman energy of his nature, endeavoring to force me into a corner.

I wisely kept in the middle of the room, and parried his fierce blows with my trusty stick, but my stubborn defense seemed to inspire the maniac with tenfold fury. The chair finally was shattered to pieces, but the madman quickly seized another and fairly rained on me a torrent of desperate blows, which required the utmost vigilance on my part to ward off. Failing in overpowering me the madman, with diabolical cunning, suddenly rushed to the hearth and scattered the burning brands on the floor, and while clouds of smoke rose from the burning embers he attacked me with renewed ferocity.

I had hoped that my continual shouting and the din of battle would have aroused the household, but no one came. A new danger menaced me. Several times the bedding took fire, but was promptly extinguished by the most tremendous exertions on my part. My antagonist seemed endowed with the strength of ten thousand devils, while I was comparatively growing weaker and weaker. My arm seemed palsied and my head swam dizzily. In a moment I must give up—my strength was nearly exhausted, when to my great relief the madman suddenly paused.

Drops of perspiration rolled down his body and his limbs trembled violently, yet I could see, though the exciting contest had told fearfully upon him, he was by no means as exhausted as myself. His eyes glittered with latent ferocity as he shrieked, "You fight well, but I shall win; you are doomed already; I can see it; I will tear you limb from limb!"

I had no opportunity to reply, for almost immediately he resumed his savage attack. But the momentary respite had saved me; and, as I warily husbanded my strength, I was overjoyed to perceive that he began to show evident signs of exhaustion; but no—he suddenly recuperated with wonderful power. Again his blows thunder on my stout stick. I am gradually losing my strength. I cannot hold out much longer, and the madman sees it and redoubles his exertions. My weapon is struck at last from my weak grasp; I hear the exultant shout of the maniac in my ear, and clinch my fist in one feeble, despairing effort to defend myself from the impending stroke, when suddenly a strange transformation takes place in the madman. He pauses and drops his weapon; his fierce eye assumes a dull, filmy aspect, and the fierce expression fades away in a stupid air of idiocy; he reels and falls to the floor in a deathlike stupor; his tremendous vitality vanished as quickly as it came.

At the same instant I heard a hurried tread of feet outside and loud knocking. The door burst open, and with the consciousness of safety the reaction came. With a faint ejaculation of joy and gratitude I fell insensible to the floor.

When I was restored to consciousness, Moses, I found a crowd of curious faces of men around me, all eager to hear from my lips the particulars of my desperate encounter with the madman.

It appears that I literally battled with him all night, and the extraordinary exhibition of endurance on my part earned for me the reputation of a young hero; but I never told any one that I owed my victory over the madman chiefly to that portrait of the pretty girl; for whenever I felt myself growing weak a glance at the face would inspire me with tenfold strength. You smile, but the portrait was, after all, the landlord's daughter, and the story only a romantic fiction of the diseased brain of the madman.

"The picture was not, then, the portrait of Evelyn St. Croix?" I asked.

"No, my dear boy. It was your aunt's picture, as it afterward proved. So you can now understand the inspiration that gave me the strength to go through that fearful night in a struggle for life."—New York World.

A Stab.

Mrs. Cumso (indignantly)—I never go through my husband's pockets when he's asleep.

Mrs. Banks (sweetly)—How wise of you not to waste your time.—Epoch.

The Dear Girls.

Ethel—What are you so angry about tonight?

Maud—I've received a note from Jack saying that he's engaged to Clara Beachly.

Ethel—Well, I should think that would relieve your mind rather than make you angry. You are engaged to Tom Shore and intended to throw Jack over anyway.

Maud—Yes, goosey, but do you think I wanted to lose the fun of throwing him over?—Epoch.

How They Got Rich.

She—I could have married either Whipper or Snapper if I'd wanted to, and both of those men whom I refused have since got rich, while you are still as poor as a church mouse.

He—Of course. I've been supporting you all these years. They haven't.—New York Weekly.

WRATH OF THE FOREST.

WOODSTOWN'S UNAVAILING BATTLE WITH AVENGING NATURE.

How Trees Molded Into Houses and Utensils Reasserted Themselves—Remarkable Experience of a New Frontier Town—Had to Desert Their Homes.

The site was superb for building a town. They had only to clear the river bank by felling a part of the forest—of the immense virgin forest rooted there since the beginning of the world. Then, sheltered all around by wooded hills, the town would descend to the quays of a magnificent harbor, established at the mouth of the Red river, but four miles from the sea.

As soon as the government at Washington had granted the privilege, carpenters and woodchoppers went to work. But you never saw such a forest. Clinging to the soil with all its vines, with all its roots, when they felled it at one end it sprang up again at the other, acquiring fresh youth from its wounds, and each blow of the axe brought out green buds. The streets, the town squares, barely marked out, were invaded by vegetation. The walls grew less quickly than the trees, and as soon as raised crumbled beneath the upheaval of the still living roots. To overcome this resistance that dulled the blades of the hatchets and axes they were obliged to have recourse to fire.

Soon an enormous town, all in wood, like Chicago, stretched along the bank of Red river, with its broad, straight streets, numbered and glittering about its squares, its Merchants' exchange, its markets, its churches, its schoolhouses, and the whole maritime train of sheds, custom house stations, docks, depots and shipyards. The town of wood (Woodstown, as they called it) was speedily peopled by the plaster dryers of new places. A feverish activity was displayed in every quarter, but upon the surrounding hills commanding the crowded thoroughfares and the harbor packed with vessels a somber and menacing mass extended in a semicircle. It was the forest looking on.

WOE TO WOODSTOWN.

It was gazing at the insolent town that had taken from it its place on the river bank and 3,000 gigantic trees. All Woodstown was made of its life. The towering masts that swayed down in the harbor, those innumerable roofs, inclined one toward the other, even to the last hut of the most distant suburb, it had furnished everything—even the instruments of toil, even the furniture, limiting its service only by the length of its branches. Hence what terrible hatred it cherished against that town of thieves.

While winter lasted they perceived nothing. The people of Woodstown heard occasionally a hollow cracking in their roofs, in their furniture. From time to time a wall was cleft asunder, a store counter noisily burst in twain. But new wood is subject to such accidents, and no one attached any importance to them. However, at the commencement of spring—a sudden, fierce spring, so rich in sap that they heard it beneath the ground like the babbling of brooks—the soil began to be agitated, upheaved by invisible forces. In each house the furniture, the partition walls swelled, and they saw upon the floors long bulges, such as mark the passage of a mole in the fields. Neither doors nor windows—nothing, in fact—worked any longer. "It is the dampness," said the inhabitants. "When warm weather comes that will be over."

BUD UNDER EVERY ROOF.

Suddenly, on the morrow, when a great storm come from the sea, which brought summer amid its scorching lightning and lukewarm rain, the town, when it awoke, uttered a cry of stupor. The red roofs of the public buildings, the belfries of the churches, the floors of the houses and even the wood of the bedsteads were sprinkled with a green tint, thin as mold, flimsy as lace. Closely examined it was a quantity of microscopic buds, in which the rolls of leaves could already be distinguished. This freak of the rain amused without causing alarm, but before evening bouquets of verdure were blooming everywhere—upon the furniture, upon the walls. The branches grew as they looked at them. Lightly grasped by the hand, one felt them grow and struggle like fluttering wings.

The following day all the apartments had the appearance of greenhouses. Vines clambered up the rails of the stairways. In the narrow streets the branches joined one roof to another, casting over the noisy town the gloom of the avenues of the forest. Matters were becoming alarming. While the assembled scientists were deliberating over this case of extraordinary vegetation, the crowd hastened out of doors to see the different aspects of the miracle. The exclamations of surprise, the astonished noise of all these idle people gave solemnity to this strange event. Suddenly some one cried out, "Look at the forest!" And it was observed with terror that in the last two days the verdant semicircle had approached very much nearer.

RETURN OF THE VIRGIN FOREST.

Then Woodstown commenced to understand and be afraid. Nevertheless, everybody fell bravely to work with scythes, harrows and axes, and they made an immense abatis of boughs. But in vain. From hour to hour the confusion of virgin forests, amid which the twining of vines joins gigantic saplings together, invaded the streets of Woodstown. Already the insects and reptiles were pouring in. There were nests in all the corners, a great flutter of wings and multitudes of chattering little beaks. In a single night the granaries of the town were emptied by the newly hatched broods.

Vaguely, amid the noisy swell of the foliage, the hollow strokes of the axes and hatchets were heard, but on the fourth day all work was admitted to be impossible. The grass grew too high, too thick. Climbing vines hooked themselves to the arms of the woodchoppers and prevented their movements. Besides, the houses had become uninhabitable; the pieces of furniture, loaded with leaves, had lost their shape. The ceilings broke open, pierced by the lance of the yuccas, the long spear of the thorn trees, and in the place of the roots spread out the immense dome of the catalpas. All was over. Only flight remained.

Across the network of plants and vines that was tightening more and more the terrified people of Woodstown rushed toward the river, bearing with them as much as they could of their wealth of precious objects. But how difficult it was to reach the water's edge! The quays no longer existed; nothing was to be seen of them but gigantic reeds. The ship yards, in which vessels had been in process of construction, had given place to forests of pines, and in the harbor, all in bloom, the new ships looked like little islands of verdure. Happily some protected frigates were there. Upon these the crowd took refuge, and from their decks they saw the old forests victoriously join the new.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Anxious to Go.

Aunty—So your papa has decided to send you to boarding school?

Little Boy—Yes'm, and I'm goin' to study awful hard, so I can go to college.

Aunty—I am delighted to hear that. You are anxious to go to college, are you?

Little Boy—Yes, indeed. I love to row.—Good News.

It's a Way They Have in Russia.

The Veritzins were nobles of enormous wealth and power. Paul held a high office in court. One night, glittering with jewels and orders, the young prince, who was one of the handsomest men in Russia, danced in a quadrille opposite the empress. As she passed him in the dance she fancied that his eyes scanned her gross figure with covert amusement. After the quadrille she beckoned to him, and with a smile handed him her tiny ivory tablets, containing seven pages, one for each day in the week. On the first was written: "The imperial ball room, St. Petersburg." On the last, "The mines, Siberia."

He read it; his face grew gray as that of a corpse, he bowed low, kissed her hand and withdrew, "taking," says the old chronicle, "his wife, the beautiful Princess Ivanovna, with him." He was heard to say, as he left the ballroom, "My minutes are numbered; let us not lose one." Flight or resistance was impossible. The hold of Catherine on her victims was inexorable as death. Prince Veritzin was forced to remain passive in his palace, while each day the power, the wealth and the happiness that life had given him were stripped from him.

First he was degraded from all his offices at court; next, his estates were confiscated by the crown; his friends were forbidden to hold any communication with him; his very name, one of the noblest in Russia, was taken from him, and he was given that of a serf. Then his wife and children were driven out of the palace to herd with beggars. "On the last day," says the record, "Paul Veritzin, in rags and barefoot, chained to a convict, bade an eternal farewell to his home and departed to the dark and icy north. He was seen of men no more."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Veteran Circusman.

James Robinson, the veteran bareback rider, whose early triumphs belong away back in the childhood of men now grizzly with years, is to be seen almost every day at Broadway and Twenty-eighth street. He is a small, wiry man with thin, dark features, a little black mustache and the clearest of blue-gray eyes. Looking at him it is difficult to reconcile his almost youthful appearance with the fact that he began his career as a rider as long ago as '43. This was almost fifty years ago. Jim, as his intimates call him, was a boy then, of course. He was apprenticed in that year to John Gossen, an old time circus man.

In that day riders used the pad or pillion, and boys were taught the art in a different manner from what they are now. The "mechanic," by which novices are attached to a revolving beam, a rope from the beam to a stout belt around the waist supporting them as the horse makes the circuit of the ring, was not then known. Boys or girls who were ambitious to ride in spangles wore a belt to which a cord was fastened which passed through a ring in the pillion and thence to the hands of the ringmaster, who when he saw a beginner losing his balance pulled the cord and thus drew the rider to the horse, preventing a fall. It was this way Jim Robinson learned to ride in a style and with a recklessness which soon won him the title of champion bareback rider of the world.—New York World.

Rosina Vokes and Her Maid.

Those persons who have had the good fortune to meet the vivacious Rosina Vokes may recall, along with the vivid impression that the actress made, the no less vivid impression that was sure to be left in the minds of those who saw her maid. This maid, who is especially devoted to her mistress, has not been liberally endowed by her Creator with those attributes that go to make up the sum of personal beauty—in fact, is that next best thing to being beautiful—being gloriously ugly.

A friend relates how, during her recent tour in this country, while the actress was performing in Chicago, she found herself in need of some article from the chemist across the way. It was late at night, after her return from the theatre. Hannah, the faithful maid, was asked to go and get it. But Hannah urged mildly that it was late, and she feared to go into the street alone lest some man might annoy her. "It will be your own fault if they do," said Rosina, who was tired and cross.

"Indeed, ma'am," expostulated Hannah, "nobody can say that I do not behave myself properly in the street. I always keep my veil down, ma'am."

"Precisely," said Rosina. "But for goodness' sake, Hannah, if you want to protect yourself keep it up, keep it up."—New York Evening Sun.

The Judge and the Sport.

Mr. Justice Hawkins was once taken to be a member of the P. R. He was waiting to take his ticket at a railway station in Paris, at which there were a number of English roughs returning from the races, one of whom was very rude to him. The judge remonstrated, whereupon the man became more insulting, and said that if he would come outside he would give him "what for." Sir Henry, who wears his hair cut very short, then took off his hat, thinking that as the men were probably of the criminal classes they would recognize him, and quietly remarked:

"Perhaps you do not know who I am?"

Did the man in awestricken tones exclaim, "'Awkins, by thunder?"

No. What he said was: "S'lep me bob, a bloomin' prize fighter! Not me!" And the judge was not further molested.—St. James' Budget.

A Trait of the Prince's.

The Prince of Wales, usually exceedingly liberal, seems to have been caught in a petty meanness. He has refused to pay the $300 due for his eldest son's tenancy of apartments in St. James' palace. His excuse for this is that the young man was absent in India and that his tenancy was therefore broken temporarily! In other words, the apartments must be reserved for the prince at all times, but paid for only when occupied! The treasury department will not prosecute the claim, but a good deal of indignation has been expressed by John Bull at large since the story leaked out.—Cor. Chicago News.

FIGHTING MICROBES.

They Are Pitted Against Each Other with Wonderful Results.

"The newest thing in the medical world," said a leading physician who keeps abreast with the science, "is the cure for diphtheria. It is nothing less than curing that dangerous disease by inoculating the patient with erysipelas. Dr. Babtchinsky, of St. Petersburg, recently accidentally discovered the antagonism which exists between the diphtheria microbe and that of erysipelas by observing how the sudden appearance of erysipelas in a patient suffering with diphtheria caused a speedy cure of the latter.

"The doctor's own son was stricken with a severe attack of diphtheria, and as all the remedies which had been applied proved fruitless death seemed inevitable. Suddenly the symptoms of erysipelas set in, when the lad seemed nearly half dead, and not the slightest cause could be assigned for this new complication, and its attendant dangers seemed only to hasten the approach of the almost certain demise of the victim.

"During the next few hours his condition grew visibly worse, and every moment the dying out of the scarcely flickering spark of life was apprehended. But on the following morning the exhaustion had diminished considerably, the patient improved rapidly and in a comparatively short time was completely restored to health. This accidental combination of the two microbes called to Babtchinsky's mind the doctrine to which Cantani had held.

"Soon after the recovery of his child the doctor was called to the bedside of a diphtheria patient who was dangerously affected. He was treating an erysipelas case at the same time, and, encouraged by the experience which he had made with his son, he decided to inoculate the poison of the erysipelas microbe into the lower jaw of his diphtheria patient. The latter recovered without the application of any other remedy. From this time forth Dr. Babtchinsky hesitated no longer to extend his practice in this direction. As he did not always have erysipelas patients on hand when he needed the poison, he established an artificial breeder of erysipelas bacillariæ. He succeeded in twelve more cases in saving his diphtheria patients by applying the erysipelas microbe. Only two patients died, because the inoculatory microbe was effete, perhaps. But this need not cause us to doubt the effectiveness of the new treatment, for the following example will demonstrate that it is still confirmed by another case:

"Six children were stricken almost simultaneously with diphtheria in one family. Five of them were inoculated with the erysipelas bacillariæ, and they recovered in a wonderfully short time. The sixth child had been at once removed to a remote part of the city and died of the dread epidemic. Strange as this method is in itself it is no less singular than the progress of the erysipelas is a painless and quiet one, not accompanied by unfavorable results upon the general condition of the patient while the cure of the diphtheria is being effected.

"Whether the theory that the erysipelas microbe destroys the diphtheria poison is founded upon fact, or is simply a delusion, leaving the cause of those wonderful recoveries to be sought for in other quarters, we care less at the present moment for the solution of this purely scientific question, as our interest centers primarily in the result, which alone is satisfactory to the layman. The close and controlling observations to which physicians will subject the new method will soon demonstrate whether Dr. Babtchinsky has found the real enemy of the diphtheria microbe, and that we are rid of a foe which demands annually the lives of thousands of our little ones."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Marshal Clibborn's Heroism.

The beach of Wimereux, near Boulogne, has been the scene of a daring rescue. One of the bathers, a merchant of Boulogne, lost footing, and being unable to swim was carried away by the tide. He disappeared for a time, but was afterward seen on the surface of the water, back uppermost, and his face under water. An alarm was raised, but before the bathing master could respond to it a stranger, who had witnessed the scene, had thrown himself into the water and was making for the unfortunate bather. He reached him not without difficulty, turned him on his back and drew him ashore. The rescued man was to all appearance dead, but the stranger laid him on the sand and rubbed his chest and arms so vigorously that breathing was restored. The patient at length recovered consciousness, and the next day was pronounced out of danger. His rescuer turned out to be Mr. Sydney Booth-Clibborn, otherwise Marshal Clibborn, who was on a holiday with his wife and child.—London News.

Bowing to Jackson's Statue.

Congressman Richard Vaux, the picturesque old gentleman who succeeded Samuel J. Randall in the house, has one peculiar characteristic. He is a great admirer of the late Andrew Jackson, and misses no opportunity to honor his memory. Mr. Vaux lives but a stone's throw from Jackson park, Washington, in which the equestrian statue of the rugged old Democrat stands. Every morning, no matter what the state of the weather is, Mr. Vaux strolls over to the park after breakfast, and, facing the statue of the man whose memory be honors, respectfully removes his hat. He has not neglected his duty of love one day since he has been a resident of Washington.—New York Journal.

A New Paint Oil.

An important discovery is reported from California in the shape of a new paint oil, which is stated to be superior to linseed oil, and also to be much cheaper. It has the further advantage that on surfaces which are exposed to the weather it makes the paint wear more than twice as long as linseed oil. It is also claimed that "neither the heat and dryness of summer, nor the cold and wet of winter, will cause the paint to scale off and 'chalk.' It preserves its elasticity and gloss better and longer than linseed oil, and never blisters in the sun." The oilene used in the manufacture of this new paint oil is extracted from fish oil.—Lewiston Journal.

Blondes Have the Most Hair.

An eminent German has undergone the enormous labor of counting the number of hairs in heads of four different colors. In a blonde one he found 140,400; in a brown, 109,440; in a black, 102,962, and in a red one, 88,740. What the red and black heads wanted in number of hairs was made up, however, in the greater bulk of the hairs individually. It is to the fineness and multiplicity of hairs that blonde tresses owe the rich and silk like character of their flow.—New York Ledger.

Tennyson is fond of receiving visits from pretty young girls who like his poetry. While he is grumpy to older callers he is at his best when the young girls are around, and recites his poetry to them and makes himself agreeable generally.

HE WEARS THE SCAR TODAY.

A Deputy Marshal and a Gambler Raised Revolvers Together.

"Do you see that tall man standing there?" asked the colonel. "Notice how he brushes his hair forward on the sides, as some Englishmen do. One of those locks hides a scar which bears eloquent testimony as to a narrow escape from death.

"Thirty years ago he was a deputy marshal in Nevada. He started out one day to arrest a notorious gambler who had killed a man over a game of cards. The gambler knew that the marshal was seeking him, but with a cool effrontery walked about the streets all day. Wil—that is, the deputy marshal—heard that the man he wanted was in a well known barroom. He set out for the place, and carelessly walked boldly in. He had not crossed the threshold before he found himself looking into the barrel of a six-shooter.

"'Come, Hardy,' he said coolly, 'this won't do. I've come to get you, and I want you.'

"'See here, John,' said the gambler, 'I don't want to kill you, but I won't let any man arrest me. Go away and let me alone.'

"'No, I want you,' said the marshal quietly. 'Put down the six shooter and come with me.'

"'I'll see you shot first,' said Hardy.

"'I can't help that,' said the other. 'I must have you. Now you have the drop on me, but you must come with me or kill me in cold blood,'

"'I don't want to kill you,' said Hardy.

"'Then put down your gun.'

"'John, I won't be arrested. Don't touch me. I don't want to shoot a man without cause.'

"'I've got to do it, Hardy.'

"'See here,' said the gambler, turning white, 'if you move a foot I kill you. But I hate to be a coward. That was fair and square last night. We both pulled together.'

"The marshal shook his head.

"'I'll do one thing, John,' Hardy went on. 'I'll back up to that wall. You back up to the other. I'll drop my revolver to my hip and you can draw yours. Then it's the best man.'

"The marshal moved backward to the wall and Hardy did the same. Then the marshal drew his revolver and held it at his side, muzzle down. All this time Hardy had kept his weapon leveled at the marshal. Slowly his arm sank until his revolver touched the seam of his trousers. Both men were perfectly calm and immovable, the marshal determined looking, the gambler still pale.

"'Now, John,' said Hardy. Instantly both weapons went up. It was all over so quickly that both men were on the floor together. But Hardy had fired too soon; his ball went at an upward angle and grazed the marshal's temple. But the marshal had sent his bullet straight on a line to Hardy's heart, and there was no need to arrest the gambler."—New York Tribune.

A Centenarian's Giant Progeny.

Probably the most remarkable family in the United States is the Walker family, living near Hendersonville, N. C. William Walker, the oldest member of the family, was a soldier in the war of 1812, and professes to remember the revolutionary war. He is generally supposed to be about 110 years of age, although the record is not as exact as might be wished.

At an early day Walker came to North Carolina, where he raised a family of twenty-two children, equally divided between the sexes. The eleven boys ranged in height from 6 feet 4 inches to 7 feet, and all of them are still living. Seven of these men have sons, and there is not one of these sons who is less than 6 feet in height. There are twenty-five grown grandsons and five grown great-grandsons, and every one of them is full 6 feet and over in height.

They have always lived in the mountains a few miles from Hendersonville, and follow farming for a livelihood. No record has been kept of the generations, but there are five living generations, and the families have been large, so that the descendants of this man, who is still living, if brought together would make a respectable sized town.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Possibilities of the Bells.

Bell ringers ought to be able to give a change of bill at every performance. It is curious to notice what a variety of changes can be rung on bells. Eight notes will give 40,320 different passages, and ten notes 9,658,880. The changes which may be rung on twelve bells are 479,001,600, which, at the rate of two strokes a second, will take ninety-one years to ring. Another authority says, upon the calculation of ringing 720 changes in an hour, it would take an incessant ringing of thirty-seven years to complete 479,000,000. Fourteen bells, at the rate first given, would take 16,575 years to accomplish the changes, and upon twenty-four bells the changes could not be rung in less than 117,000 billions of years, and no concert company is likely to hold together for a "season" of that length.—Detroit Free Press.

A Good Samaritan.

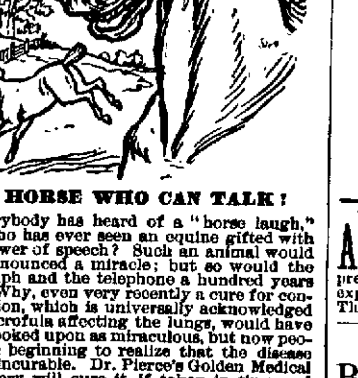
There was a good Samaritan on a train from Newport to Bangor the other day. When he got on the car a double seat there was occupied by a tired woman and four hot, tired, dirty, squabbling children. Did the newcomer, after a short remark about the nuisance of children traveling, put his feet on the seat in front and bury himself in a newspaper? Not he. As soon as he saw the party he folded up his paper, put it away, tucked his baggage in the smallest possible capacity, and enticed the tired and dirty bits of humanity over to his side of the car, getting some one just ahead of him to give up a seat, so as to accommodate all four of them. Soon he had the quartet eating wafers and laughing at his stories while the tired mother got a nap.—Fairfield (Me.) Journal.

And So They Were Married.

A bright sun and a pleasant afternoon seemed to halo the happy occasion, and in its refulgence to forecast the happiness of a union of two young hearts that had been devoted from youth and young girlhood through the years to the full maturity of young manhood and womanhood, and at last so auspiciously brought together under the holy sanction of God's ordinance to beat as one.

On the very threshold of their lives they start together along the journey of existence hand in hand, heart to heart, full of that hope and joy which aureoles the vistas that stretch out before them, and give promise of so much of that brightness that pleases and gives zest to life.

After the ceremony which made them one a wedding dinner awaited them, and in that feast of good things they read an earnest, it is hoped, of the largess fate which kindly hand has in store for them through all their years to come, and with the blessings of those they love and who love them. It is the sincere hope of all their many friends that no shadow may ever fall upon their lives, and only fragrant flowers bloom along their pathway.—Dallas News.



A HORSE WHO CAN TALK!

Everybody has heard of a "horse laugh," but who has ever seen an equine gifted with the power of speech? Such an animal would be pronounced a miracle; but so would the telegraph and the telephone a hundred years ago. Why, even very recently a cure for consumption, which is universally acknowledged to be scrofula affecting the lungs, would have been looked upon as miraculous, but now people are beginning to realize that the disease is not incurable. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will cure it, if taken in time and given a fair trial. This world-renowned remedy will not make new lungs, but it will restore diseased ones to a healthy state when other means have failed. Thousands gratefully testify to this. It is the most potent tonic, or strength restorer, alterative, or blood-cleanser and nutritive, or flesh-builder, known to medical science. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh in the Head, and all Lingering Coughs, it is an unequaled remedy. In derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels, as Indigestion, or Dyspepsia, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Chronic Diarrhea, and kindred ailments, it is a sovereign remedy.

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The Bucks County Gazette

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

OFFICE—CORNER RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

☞ No subscription continued after expiration of time paid for.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 11, 1890.

Republican State Nominations.

GOVERNOR:
GEORGE W. DELAMATER, Crawford.

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR:
LOUIS A. WATRES, Lackawanna.

SECRETARY OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS:
THOMAS J. STEWART, Montgomery.

CONGRESS, SEVENTH DISTRICT:
IRVING P. WANGER, Montgomery.

COUNTY TICKET:

SENATOR,
A. S. Cadwallader, Lower Makefield.

ASSEMBLY,
David H. Derstine, West Rockhill.
Amos Corson, Buckingham.
Edward Ivins, Northampton.

SHERIFF,
Irvin Aaron, Doylestown.

REGISTER,
Charles Saxton, Bristol Borough.

RECORDER,
Moses H. Rice, Hilltown.

CLERK OF QUARTER SESSIONS,
Charles F. Schabinger, Bridgeton.

CLERK OF ORPHANS' COURT,
Fred. M. Crouse, Durham.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
Samuel M. Bishop, Perkasie.
George L. Mahan, Newtown township.

DIRECTOR OF THE POOR,
William Wise, Falls.

AUDITORS,
Isaac S. Shelley, Quakertown.
Samuel C. Eastburn, Middletown.

WHILE Southern Democrats are Free Traders when their own interests are not involved, they are decidedly averse to that doctrine when Free Trade would touch their own pockets. The other day in Congress thirteen Democrats voted against putting sponges on the free list, enough to carry a motion to strike out that clause in the bill. Several Democrats have voted against reducing the duty on rice, and others against any reduction in the duty on oranges and other fruits grown in the South. If Northern Democrats would take their cue from their Southern allies, there would be mighty little Free Trade nonsense in this country.

* * *

MAINE did nobly last Monday. She shattered the hopes of the expectant Democracy by re-electing Governor Burleigh by a largely increased majority. She showed that she took stock in Speaker Reed's courageous rulings against a fillibustering minority in Congress by giving him the largest majority that any man in the District he represents ever attained. Maine's all right, and mighty right at that.

* * *

THOMAS B. REED, whom the Democracy hate worse than they do the Old Scratch was returned to Congress by a larger majority than was ever before given in his district. The Democrats had great hopes of his being elected by a reduced majority, but the gods willed it otherwise. The endorsement given him by his immediate neighbors is heartily shared in by the Republicans of the entire Union.

* * *

ONE of the Barkerite Committee, and there will be several of them, have issued an address against Delamater. It is signed principally by importers, and nearly all of them, gentlemen who signed against the nomination of Blaine because of his protection views. It is in accord with the fitness of things that the Free Trade Mugwumps should jump to the front of Barker's forces.

* * *

THE Senate passed the Tariff bill yesterday by a party vote of yeas 40, nays 29, and appointed as members of the conference committee Messrs. Aldrich, Sherman, Allison, Hiscock, McPherson, Vance and Carlisle. The bill should be in the hands of the President inside of ten days.

* * *

THE Hon. George W. Delamater was entertained at the house of General Hastings the other day, and the latter is a warm supporter of the Republican candidate for Governor. The friends of General Hastings throughout the State have no reason to object to following his example.

* * *

EDWARD N. HALLOWELL, is the choice of the Montgomery county Democracy for Congress from the 7th district. He is a farmer and is forty-six years of age. He has never been elected to any office outside of his township, except once to the Legislature, and the indications are that he will not be this year.

* * *

THE Presbyterians of Spokane recently sold their church to a man who at once started a saloon in the basement, and now there is seen a beer sign on the corner of a fine structure with a tall steeple on it.

* * *

HALSTEAD street, Chicago, is one of the longest streets in the world, being about 18 miles in length in a perfectly straight line within the city limits.

* * *

A STATISTICAN has estimated that courtships average three tons of coal each,

* * *

'RAH for Reed.

OUR FOREIGN COMMERCE.

SENATOR VANCE SAYS THAT PROTECTION IS DESTROYING IT.

But Figures Prove the Contrary—Comparison of a Free-trade with a Protection Period—Average Per Capita Greater Under Protection.

Senator Vance said in a recent speech: "The rigorous policy of Protection is rapidly approaching the destruction of our foreign commerce."

To substantiate his charge Mr. Vance called attention to the statistics of our foreign trade from 1881 to 1889. He therefore must have studied the statistics of foreign commerce, and how in the face of the figures which he must have found there he could make the absurd statement quoted above is difficult to explain, for the fact is there is not a shadow or semblance of truth or reason in it, or excuse for it. Our commerce never grew as it has since the adoption of Protection. From the miserable $404,774,883 which represented the total of our imports and exports at the close of the war the figures grew rapidly and steadily during the next fourteen years of Protection till in 1881 they reached a total of $1,545,041,974, showing a growth in foreign trade far in excess of the increase in population. It was unfortunate for himself that Senator Vance did not learn the figures of our foreign trade for the last year before recklessly asserting that "Protection is rapidly approaching the destruction of our foreign commerce," for the preliminary report of the secretary of the treasury just issued shows that our imports and exports reached a higher point than ever before, the exports exceeding those of last year by $115,020,219.

But in order to prove how unwarranted Mr. Vance's statement was we propose to compare the last eleven years of our foreign commerce with the last eleven years of the Free-trade period, which terminated in 1860. The results are as follows:

	Total imports and exports.	Excess exports over imports.	Excess imports over exports.
1850..	$617,885,152	....	$20,138,800
1851..	390,686,688	....	21,856,170
1852..	674,424,629	....	40,456,167
1853..	467,260,547	....	60,287,983
1854..	534,763,354	....	60,844,254
1855..	476,718,211	....	38,890,205
1856..	591,651,783	....	29,212,887
1857..	642,253,102	....	54,604,582
1858..	585,349,928	$8,672,620	....
1859..	624,235,892	....	38,431,290
1860..	687,192,176	....	20,040,062
Totals..........		$8,672,620	$393,766,380

Excess of imports over exports, Free-trade period....................$385,093,760

	Total imports and exports.	Excess exports over imports.	Excess imports over exports.
1880.	$1,503,593,404	$167,683,912	....
1881.	1,545,041,974	259,712,718	....
1882.	1,475,181,831	25,902,683	....
1883.	1,547,020,816	100,658,488	....
1884.	1,408,211,302	72,815,916	....
1885.	1,319,717,084	164,662,426	....
1886.	1,314,960,966	44,088,694	....
1887.	1,408,502,979	23,863,443	....
1888.	1,419,911,621	....	$28,002,607
1889.	1,487,533,027	....	2,730,277
1890.	1,647,192,014	68,520,304	....
Totals..........		$927,908,584	$30,732,884

Excess of exports over imports, Protection period....................$897,175,700
Average per capita for period of eleven years, 1850-60 (Free-trade period), per annum...$18.81.
Average per capita for period of eleven years, 1880-90 (Protection period), per annum...$25.60
Excess of Protection over Free-trade period (per capita)............................36 per cent.

If the years preceding 1881-89 had been a Free-trade period Senator Vance might have been justified in using the decline in foreign trade, which he asserts took place after 1881, as evidence that Protection was injuring that trade. But the wonderful growth from 1865 to 1881 was also under Protection, and the very period singled out by him was one in which the stream of foreign commerce, when compared to that of the most prosperous years of the Free-trade period, seems like a Mississippi compared to a Schuylkill. Ordinary common sense should have suggested to the senator that if there really was a decline it must have been due to some cause other than Protection. And then the unfairness of wresting eight out of the thirty years of the life of our present policy in order to prove his theory, especially when dealing with so variable a quantity as foreign commerce. Take, for instance, eight years of Great Britain's commerce, as given in the "Statesman's Year Book."

	Imports and exports of United Kingdom.	Amount per capita. £	s.	d.
1880	£697,644,031	20	4	10
1881	694,105,264	19	7	5
1882	719,080,323	20	7	10
1883	732,328,649	20	11	8
1884	685,986,162	19	1	6
1885	642,371,649	17	13	7
1886	618,580,189	16	16	8
1887	642,900,725	17	6	4

The very marked decline in Great Britain's imports and exports here set forth would prove that Free-trade is destroying England's foreign trade by precisely the same logic by which Mr. Vance proves Protection "to be rapidly approaching the destruction of our foreign commerce."

American Pottery.

One of the large pottery manufacturers at Trenton thus outlines the prospects and possibilities of his great industry under the protective system:

"It will not be long before the Trenton potteries will be furnishing this country all the pottery it requires, both useful and artistic. Within a year the Trenton kilns will be putting on the market as fine china and porcelain as is turned out anywhere in the world. Our pottery alone pays $3,000,000 in wages every year to the workmen of Trenton, more than all the importers of New York city pay out in the way of wages in ten years. The American potters are as skillful and artistic as any in the world, and if they are properly protected they will before very long be able to supply America with not only its useful table ware, but with valuable porcelains and bisques that are classed as works of art."

Why This Foreign Anxiety?

If our American citizens have to pay the full amount of all duties levied upon imports, as some Free-traders insist, why is it that the foreign manufacturers of Sheffield and other places abroad loudly protest against the McKinley bill? If we have to foot the cost what difference can it make to them? The mayor of Sheffield said he could "remember when the American market found trade for one-half of the population of the town."—Extract from Speech of Senator Morrill.

A Steam Lifeboat.

A steam lifeboat has recently been completed and run on an experimental trip on the river Thames in England. The new craft is designed on a plan quite similar to that of the ordinary lifeboat, and is built of steel, with ample water tight subdivisions, there being fifteen water tight compartments, making the boat practically unsinkable. The boiler and engine are raised so that they are about three feet above the main deck, and the arrangements are for a supply of forced air to keep up the draught. The place for the passengers is in the after portion of the boat, there being room for thirty people.—London Letter.

PAY OF LONDON POLICEMEN.

Interesting Facts Regarding the London "Peeler" and the New York "Cop."

A noticeable feature of the Free-trade propagandism now actively being conducted throughout the United States is the reckless manner in which preposterously absurd statements are made by those whose eagerness to convince the people that Protection is an unmitigated evil overbalances the natural reluctance which men usually have to being placed on record as authority for statements which have no foundation in fact. The most frequently recurring absurdity is perhaps the one which maintains that although nominal wages in this country is higher than in England, yet the real wages of labor is not, owing to the greater efficiency of American workmen. Again and again Protectionists have answered by pointing to the difference in the rates for field work, where equal amounts of labor in the two countries receives widely differing rewards.

The facts brought out by the late strike of the English police have given a new glimpse at another phase of the question, viz., the joy of English police. Their wretched condition, when compared with that of American policemen, affords an illustration of the great difference between the British and American standards of wages—i e., the pay given for similar and equivalent services in both countries. Below are extracts taken from The New York Times, a paper always anxious to hide or extenuate the damning facts of the deplorable condition of labor in Free-trade England, for it appreciates their force as irrefutable arguments against its own Free-trade doctrines.

The Times correspondent in speaking of the London police says:

"The policeman there resembles the New York officer in little beyond his authority and the wearing of a uniform and insignia. In respect of discipline, esprit de corps, chance of promotion, pay and public respect, the 'peeler' is the inferior of the 'cop,' and no parallel can be established between them.

"The London policemen were ill paid, and finding no other method of remonstrance or coercion they struck like so many trades unionists. The justice of their cause appears incontestable. There are five grades of constables, and the pay is from $24 to $32 a month, or a mean of $28 a month.

"Few American visitors to London have failed to notice how alert is the 'bobby,' not only in the pursuit of the 'nimble sixpence,' but the plebeian penny as well. London officers will do many services that a New York policeman would scorn to perform, such as holding horses and parcels, running of errands and making purchases.

"The most common illustration of how the London policemen eke out a living is to be had at the popular 'street crossings. It is odd to a New Yorker to see women, and often men, on nearing one hunt for a small coin, generally a penny, and give it to the officer after he has acted as pilot among the vehicles and through the slush."

The same writer describes the lot of the New York policeman thus:

"Once in the third grade, at a salary of $1,000 per annum, the policeman knows that the future has the following chances and advantages for him:

"First—Second grade at $1,100 per annum.

"Second—First grade at $1,200 per annum.

"Third—Promotion to roundsman, sergeant, captain, inspector and superintendent.'

"The London policeman has no such advantages. Every New York superintendent except Messrs. Kennedy and Martsell rose from the ranks to a salary of $500 a month. The pensions of the London police are sure, but ridiculously small. The highest is for a continuous service of twenty-eight years, and is two-thirds of the pay. This for a first class constable would amount to less than $5.50 a week."

The above is recommended to the careful consideration of Free-traders of every shade and stripe, for we submit that in this case at least no modifying considerations as to different degrees of efficiency can be adduced to explain away the miserable remuneration of labor which is customary in the only country where Free-trade has had an opportunity to work to its logical results.

Our South American Trade.

Mr. Flint, one of the American delegates to the "Pan-American congress," has compiled from the revenue statistics of 1889 the following table of our imports from South American countries showing the amounts dutiable in each case:

IMPORTS RECEIVED IN THE UNITED STATES.

	Total Imports.	Dutiable.
Hayti	$3,757,443	$5,774
Nicaragua	1,747,246	250
Peru	814,082	6,271
Guatemala	2,346,685	49,526
Uruguay	2,985,064	880,094
Colombia	4,268,519	87,000
Argentine Republic	5,454,618	1,320,219
Costa Rica	1,442,865	519
Brazil	60,403,804	4,935,328
Honduras	1,215,581	4,968
Mexico	21,253,601	7,426,350
Bolivia	8,126	28
Venezuela	10,392,669	6,800
Chili	2,822,625	78,664
Salvador	1,652,162	26,606
Ecuador	695,005	217
Totals	$120,560,835	$14,738,187

We bought of them over $120,500,000, and let in 87¾ per cent. of it free of duty. During the same period the South and Central American states bought of us $50,823,941, and imposed their duties upon 90 per cent. of what we sent them, letting in only 10 per cent. of our products free, less than $5,000,000, as against the $105,500,000 of their products we let in free to our ports.

Presentiment of Death.

"Yes, I believe that many a soldier who loses his life in battle has a presentiment of death," said Edward McDevitt, of the United States clerk's office. "I formed that conclusion early in the war of the rebellion, and as the war progressed I became more firmly intrenched in the belief. I can recall many instances where young men showed by their conduct that they were marked for death, and in each case the man was killed as soon as we went into battle.

"There was one case that impressed me more than any other. We had in our company a young country fellow—a big, strapping fellow, and one of the bravest men I ever saw go into battle. I saw him in numerous battles, and I never saw him flinch until the day he was killed. He didn't seem to know what fear was.

"One morning we were lying in our trenches when the word was passed along that we were going into battle. This young man was next to me, and I noticed that he turned white at the announcement. When we were ordered to fall in he trembled all over, and was so weak he could hardly carry his gun. I never saw such a change come over a man, and I asked him what was the matter.

"'I feel that my time has come,' was his reply, and that was all he said.

"We were going up a hillside, and hadn't gone more than a hundred feet from the trenches when a shell burst in front of us. A piece of it struck the young soldier in the face and carried away a part of his head. Death was so sudden that he never knew how it occurred. That is only one of many like instances that I might cite in support of my belief."—Indianapolis News.

THE SHOSHONE FALLS.

IDAHO'S MARVELOUS CATARACT AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

A Perilous Undertaking—Descending a Precipice in the Darkness—The Sublime Magnificence of Nature's Handiwork. View of the Falls.

Our party left the little town of Shoshone at half past 6 in the evening with the intention of arriving at the celebrated Shoshone falls at about half past 10 o'clock the same night. There were two traveling men and two young women, the elder a Chicago schoolma'am and the younger her sister. The road to the falls has been cut through a plain of sagebrush and lava. For twenty-six miles there is nothing to relieve the monotony of white sand, brush and lava but the driver's stories and the jokes or conversational powers of one's companions. We suffered very little because of the lack of versatility of the party and became anxious only where the road became obscured under the starless clouds which had overcast the scene when the sun disappeared.

For nearly two hours we proceeded in the darkness, some fearing that we had lost our way, in which event there would be no alternative but a risky tramp through the desert under the chill night air.

The driver, however continued to pick his way, and finally announced that we had at length reached "the rocks." In this manner he designated the lava beds, which extend four miles from the falls, and over which in the dark it is impossible to drive with safety faster than a walk.

One weary hour was spent picking our way through these adamantine labyrinths when the driver senteutiously and informally remarked, "Here's where you get out!"

We disembarked without questioning, and the driver tied one of the hind wheels to a side brace on the wagon.

"This is a steep hill an' I never hauled a living being down it in my life. I'll go ahead with the team and you follow."

GOING DOWN HILL IN DARKNESS.

We followed. It was as dark as a dungeon. We could not see two feet in advance. We soon discovered that the descent was most abrupt, so much so, indeed, that it required the united efforts of the party to keep us from breaking into a run, leaving the road and going we knew not where.

When we reached the bottom of the hill we were out of breath and the driver told us we had traveled a thousand feet. We again took the wagon and at that moment for the first time the hoarse voice of the falls greeted our ears. Almost at the same instant there was a rift in the sable covering above us and a white patch of cloud became visible. Whence it received its light we knew not. There was not a star visible. Profiled against this errant cloud were immense masses of rock, black as the night itself and towering above seemingly to a distance of thousands of feet. In this same uncertain light we saw or we fancied we saw the windings of the Snake, but it was only fancy, because we could scarcely see the stream when the driver announced that we had reached the ferry.

We boarded the latter, which is about 200 feet above the falls, horse, wagon, women and all. We took turns working at the windlass, as we did also in speculating what would be our fate if the ferry's cables should break. Once, while in mid-river, the current struck us with unusual force, and all the male hands were required at the rope, while the women clasped each other in a corner and remained speechless until the bank was reached. There is little pleasure in traveling in the dark, and there is little to reassure the traveler when he encounters dangers the magnitude of which must be determined by conjecture. For this reason when the ascent of the opposite bank was undertaken there was not a member of the party who did not feel that he or she accomplished an heroic deed, which would bear recounting after the return home.

FLYING SPRAY.

As we climbed the hill, again in the densest darkness, everybody simultaneously remarked that it had begun to rain. A heavy mist struck us, rendering wraps necessary. This, the driver explained, was the spray from the falls, which the wind was scattering around with lavish generosity. In this mist we reached the hotel, in which not a light burned, and in which every occupant must have fallen into the sleep of the just, which even the crash of the falling water beneath was unable to disturb.

The hostelry stands on a height almost over the south end of the falls and was enveloped in a cloud of spray which, finding temporary lodgment on the roof of the porch, dropped in rain to the floor below.

The descent was rendered possible only by the use of a half inch wire cable which led down the steep sides and which was fastened at intervals to the rocks along the route.

In a couple of instances slippery ladders were employed where the cable could not have been used for a handrail. By means of these agencies the party, saturated with rain, perspiring from tugging at the cable and, to a greater or less degree, covered with mud, reached the river. There men and women passed over a number of rough rocks strongly suggestive of gigantic mussel shells, over which the undulating and angry waters roamed undirected. Between these rocks were hundreds of varieties of driftwood, which the action of the waters had worn from angular into well rounded proportions.

ADDITIONAL WONDERS.

Somewhat to the north and west of the cave rock, describing an imperfect crescent, is what is known as the Bridal Veil, the fall of which is estimated at eighty feet. This name is inappropriate, because the width is not proportioned to the height, and because the lacelike transparency peculiar to the bridal veil is scarcely if ever visible in the fall. This fall, however, is imposing, and of itself would be considered a curiosity. But it is dwarfed into nothingness by the cataract of which it is but one of the forerunners.

A hundred feet south hangs another wall of water, and still to the south stands an irregular pillar fifty feet high, surrounded by swirling waters, on the summit of which for generations, it is presumed, has stood an eyrie. There today the proud bird of the mountain is training the pinions of her eaglets to rise to the sun from the midst of a chaos sufficient to awe the stoutest heart, so that hereafter, as the symbols of their country, they may be fearless amid the most trying dangers.

This wall of water is 210 feet high, forty-five feet higher than that of Niagara, while the crescent described by it is 950 feet from point to point. When the sun shines from the west within these miraculous waters may be seen coral waves, the grotto of Antiparos, gleaming with even greater than its fabled richness, and the deep recesses where a hundred Monte Cristos could have found long buried treasures.—Cor. Omaha Bee.

Facts on Mist.

An investigation into the frequency of mist by Dr. Cremser, of Berlin, has proved somewhat unsuccessful on account of lack of recorded observations. He finds, however, that the maximum amount of mist—except at such stations as those on the coast of the North sea, on islands and on mountains—occurs in the months of November and December. About 70 per cent. of the year's mist, as a rule, falls in autumn and winter, 20 per cent. in spring and 10 per cent. in summer. Mountain stations have the greatest number of misty days. In winter mist is most frequent in the morning, and in summer occurs only in the morning.—Arkansaw Traveler.

Gold Absorbed by Rubber.

The burnt rubber used for the final polishing off of the gold lettering, etc., is simply India rubber which has been subjected to a peculiar fire process that makes it very spongiose and absorbent. So remarkable is its latter quality that a chunk of it as big as three of your fingers will take up more than $15 worth of gold in its pores. When, after some months of use, such a piece of burnt rubber is loaded with all the gold that it will comfortably carry, it is sent, with a lot of others in the same condition, to the mint to be assayed.

The Brain of Sea Robins.

There is a Frenchman in this town who twice a week goes to Bowery bay fishing. He does not care for striped bass or sea bass or flounders or any of the game that fishermen usually seek. His prey is the despised "sea robin." Very often he pulls up seventy-five or a hundred. What does he do with them? He told a curious fellow fisherman the other day that he split open the robins' heads and took therefrom a certain portion of the fishes' brain. These his wife prepares with oil, and the Frenchman asserts that they make a dish fit for those reputedly finical epicures the gods. The brains of the mullet are esteemed a delicacy, but the mullet is universally eaten, while the sea robin is not.—New York Times.

A class of boys had this sentence given to them for correction:

"We saw a marble bust of Sir Walter Scott entering the vestibule."

One of the boys handed in the following version, which bears internal evidence of having been made in spring time:

"Entering the vestibule, we saw Sir Walter Scott bust a marble."—Cor. Youth's Companion.

Wanamaker's

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, Sept. 8, 1890.

A wonderful success. Why shouldn't it be? The change in our Wholesale Business left certain goods in excess of current needs. These we are selling without profit. To give completeness to all this we have sought and bought many lines of other things in unusual ways and have secured rare bargains that we pass on to you at half prices in many cases, in all at far less than you'll see again this year.

The following stocks all bloom with chances evolved from one or the other of these causes:

- Black Silks.
- Black Henrietta Cloths.
- Fancy Wool Dress Goods.
- Linens.
- Blankets.
- Laces.
- Women's Gloves.
- Women's Merino Underwear.
- Pocket Books.
- Women's Winter Jackets.
- Boy's Fall Clothing.
- Men's and Boys' Hats.
- Dress Trimmings.
- China Table Wear.
- Hair Brushes.
- Furniture.
- Agate Iron Ware.
- Carpets.

Don't worry if you have been unable to come before. The chances are equal. Some-things have gone others have come, and to-day a rich repast of money saving confronts you at every point in the foregoing list.

An added reason for all this movement is the new Fall Goods. They are riding the rails, sailing the seas, passing through the Custom House, undergoing invoice inspection, —in all stages of progress from their various birthplaces in the old world and the new to our floors, shelves and counters. They will demand vast room, and therefore in addition to moving the surplus we must gain the space to entertain and supply you in the soon coming time when the autumn days will bring the autumnal needs.

Plans are maturing that will interest you.

A big part of our Shoe Business is for School Children. We study their comfort. Easy, perfect fitting, well-wearing, handsome Shoes are what we mean to give them, just as we give the big folks. A Chestnut street window full of samples will give you a notion of our thought.

Boys' Shoes, $2 to $5.
Girls' Shoes, $1 to $4.

With Suits as with Shoes special thought for the School Boy. Stuffs that are hard to tear and seams that are hard to rip. Sightly, too. Here are lots at $3.50, $4, $4.50 and $5. All-wool Cassimeres. Neat, tough and many of them with double-thick knees.

The Indestructible Corduroy Trousers, of course, to round out the school rig. $1.25 seems absurdly little for them.

BOOK NEWS for September is ready with a spirited portrait of Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, the delightful writer of English fiction. 5c. for the month, 50c. a year.

Whoever wants to get an inkling of Books as they come from the press, enough to guess from whether to read or not—BOOK NEWS is made for him.

The most helpful pages are the "Descriptive Price List of New Books." But every article between the covers is of special intetest to book lovers.

With Books, Thirteenth street entrance.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Miscellaneous

JAS. R. VANSANT,
Agent for the
Adams & Westlake Oil Stoves!
Gas and Gasoline Stoves,
Hardware and Cutlery.
727 Market St., Phila.
Send for Circular.

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TRANSACTS A GENERAL BANKING, TRUST AND SURETY BUSINESS.

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KINDERGARTEN, PRIMARY, INTERMEDIATE, or GRAMMAR. CENTRAL or HIGH SCHOOL.
THE SCHOOLS— 15th and Race Streets, 4th and Green Streets, 17th and Girard Avenue, 35th and Lancaster Ave.
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DINING ROOM,
31 S. Second Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

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Arkwrights' Flavoring Extract Co.,
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Practical Watchmaker, Jeweler and Optician,
(Late of Queen & Co.)
2037 North Front Street,
Between Diamond and Norris Streets, for the proper fitting of Eye Glasses, Spectacles. Full assortment Spectacles to select from. A thorough examination of the eyes free of charge.

Milkmaid Brand
Condensed Milk.
None Richer in Cream.
BEST on EARTH
SOLD BY
S. I. WHITAKER,
PROPRIETOR
Phila. Cash Grocery & Beef Market,
RADCLIFFE & MARKET, BATH & BUCKLEY.

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WE GUARANTEE TO CURE every case of Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, and Female Diseases, where any Specialist has failed. We can treat you by mail. Our terms are lower than any and we take small weekly payments. Send for particulars.
SPOROZONE COMPANY,
218 N. 9th Street., Philadelphia, Pa.

SAFE, SURE & SPEEDY CURE
Rupture, Varicocele and Special Diseases. Why be humbugged by quacks, when you can find in Dr. Wright the only regular physician in Philadelphia who makes a specialty of the above diseases and cures them? Cures guaranteed. Advice free, day and evening. Strangers can be treated and return home same day. Offices private. DR. W. H. WRIGHT,
241 North Ninth Street, above Race,
P. O. Box 673, Philadelphia.

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AND THE GREAT
MOUNT HOLY FAIR
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Trotting, Running, Pacing and the Greatest Variety of Exhibits and Attractions.
Madam Marantette will each day in front of the Grand Stand, with her daring 4-horse Tandem Hurdle Leaps and with her trained and beautiful saddle horse Woodland, delight the thousands of visitors,
Excursion rates, admitting to Fair from Philadelphia and Trenton, $1.
Other Points Extremely Low.
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WANTED.
ENERGETIC LADIES AND GENTLEMEN to sell Mark Twain's new and remarkable book, "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court." Sold by subscription only. 300 striking illustrations by Dan Beard. One agent sold 35 in five days, another sold 31 in three days, another took 25 in making 30 calls. 20,000 already sold. Choice territory still unoccupied. Address, C. L. WEBSTER & CO., 3 East 14th St. New York.

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Inventor and Proprietor of
World Renowned Diagram and System for Cutting Ladies and Childrens Garments.
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☞ By this System Ladies can CUT and FIT their own and Children's Dresses.
Diagrams with Book containing Special Instructions with Paper Pattern giving written directions sent. Also, answers to any questions on the same on receipt of six dollars, ($6.) Address all orders
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Miscellaneous

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—LIGHT—
Carriages, Harness and Sleighs,
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What others offer you is not my business, except, by the law of competition, I am required to give you as ample return for your money as any one else if I expect your trade; that I know I am prepared to do, but I must satisfy you also.

Think this over and look into it before you purchase your work for 1890, if you question this, give me a chance to prove it, by coming to see my work or sending simple order. On all my work for 1890 I put a Tire-bolt through the felloe between each spoke.

I use all the Standard Springs, viz: Brewster, Timken, King, Dexter, Thomas Coil and all the Duplex Novelties, also Steel Axles and Tires.

I have constantly on hand a large assortment of Harness of all kinds, also an immense stock of Sleighs for the general trade.

Send for Catalogue of General Variety of our Work.

Miscellaneous.

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Save time and money by home patronage.

Give us a trial and be convinced.

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CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER A SPECIALTY.
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CERTIFICATE NO. 138, issued April 20th, 1875, for 27 Shares of the Stock of the Bristol Gas Light Company, to Anna B. Paxson. If found please return to
JOHN W. PAXSON,
Laurel St. Wharf, Kensington, Phila.

FOR SALE OR RENT.
IN Bristol on Jefferson avenue, near river, and in very desirable location; a stone residence, nearly new, with 11 rooms, broad piazzas, trees, water, gas, furnace and all modern improvements. Immediate possession given, terms moderate and payments easy. Apply to A. Weir Gilkeson, agent, Jesse O. Thomas, Gazette office, or MRS. M. B. O. THOMAS, Jefferson Avenue.
Also for Sale—First-class Piano, Mantel Mirror, Sewing Machine, et. al.
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Formerly of Bristol, Pa.
W. D. Rusher, P. O. Address, Box 204 TACOMA, WASH.
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Peirce & Rusher,
Real Estate & Loan Agts.
936 PACIFIC AVENUE,
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Such loans will be made with the utmost care in the selection of securities and regard for the character of the borrower; will run three to five years and bear interest at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum net to the lender, payable semi-annually. We will accompany each loan with our written agreement to take charge of the collection of interest, when due, and of the principal debt at maturity, without charge for our services.

The State of Washington and the City of Tacoma are being rapidly settled, having doubled their population within the last year, with an enterprising and energetic people engaged in business of all kinds, thus ensuring a prosperous and permanent growth of the city that will make it the metropolis of the great northwest. No better nor safer investment can be had than the securities that we are able to offer, doubly so by the continued increase in value of the property mortgaged. Abstract showing perfect title will be furnished with all loans.

We also invite those who desire to take advantage of the increasing values, by purchase, to entrust their funds to us for investment and we feel confident that we can make selections that will involve no risk and promise a large profit.

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Plumber, Steam & Gas Pipe Fitter,
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Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals,
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NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette.

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

THURSDAY. SEPT. 4, 1890.

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

NEW YORK. Arrives at 7.00, 10.45 A. M., 7.15 P. M. Closes at 7.00, 8.15, 11.30 A. M., 4.00, 6.45 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA. Arrives at 7.00, 7.45 A. M., 4.00, 5.00, 7.45 P. M. Closes at 5.45, 10.00 A. M., 2.45, 6.30 P. M.

NEWPORTVILLE. Arrives at 8.00 A. M. and leaves at 8.08 A. M.

EMILIE, OXFORD VALLEY, &c. Arrives at 10.10 A. M. Closes at 11.45 A. M.

BELVIDERE DIVISION. Arrives at 10.15, A. M., 3.12, 7.30 P. M. Close at 7.00, 10.00 A. M.

TULLYTOWN, PENN VALLEY, MORRISVILLE. Arrives at 10.45 A. M., 3.30 P. M. Closes at 7.00 A. M., 1.00 P. M.

TRENTON. Arrives at 7.00, 10.00 A. M., 3.30, 7.45 P. M. Leaves at 7.00, 8.45 A. M., 4.00 and 6.45 P. M.

WESTERN. Arrives at 7.45, 10.00 A. M. Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Post Office closes 8.00 P. M. Saturday, 8.30 P. M. Open Sunday from 8 to 9 A. M.

W. H. H. FINE, P. M.

PENNSYLVANIA R. R. TIME TABLE.

IN EFFECT JUNE 21, 1890.

Leave Bristol for Philadelphia at 2.46, 5.35, 6.30, 6.58, 7.21, 7.43, 8.12, 8.23, 9.14, 9.42, 9.52, 10.26, A. M. 12.07, 1.01, 1.34, 2.41, 3.03, 3.12, 4.05, 5.37, 5.46, 6.25, 7.00, 7.32, 8.51, 9.27, 11.03, P. M.

Sundays at 2.46, 8.14, 9.00, 9.42, 10.26, A. M. 12.04, 12.25, 5.33, 5.38, 7.21, 7.30, 8.03, 8.51, 9.28, 11.03, P. M.

Leave Broad St. Station for Bristol at 12.01, 6.07, 6.28, 6.50, 7.32, 8.25, 8.30, 10.01, 11.15 A. M. 12.01, 1.50, 2.43, 3.32, 4.00, 4.20, 5.00, 5.02, 6.25, 6.00, 6.02, 6.31, 7.03, 7.27, 9.17, 11.17, P. M.

Sundays at 12.01, 7.40, 8.25, 8.30, 9.12, A. M. 2.06, 5.28, 5.55, 7.03, 8.12, 10.25, P. M.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

—There are 960 electric lamps wired in Bristol.

—Captain and Mrs. Burnet Landreth are at Yonkers, N. Y.

—Mrs. B. F. Gilkeson is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Grundy.

—Miss Ella King, of Yonkers, N. Y., is the guest of Miss Annie Landreth.

—After next Monday the steamboat Florence will leave Philadelphia at 2.30 P. M.

—Miss Annie Landreth, who has been spending a few weeks at Waynescote, L. I., has returned home.

—The excursion to Chester, Pa., by the members of the Bristol Hook & Ladder Company, takes place next Thursday.

—Workmen are engaged in laying the foundation for another boiler for the Electric Light Company, of 100 horse-power.

—The Rev. W. C. Hendrickson, formerly of Bristol, has removed from Jeffersonville, Montgomery County, to Newark, N. J.

—All games of base ball arranged for by the Bristol Base Ball Club have been declared off, in consequence of the death of Dr. W. T. Potts.

—List of letters remaining in Bristol Post-office September 11, 1890: Rev Edward Hulme, Miss Martha Hackett, Mrs. Annie Southwell, Mrs. Odelli Tavin, John Wilson-2.

—At the last meeting of Council the interesting fact was developed that the Street Committe has less than $100 to its credit. About $3,000 has been spent and there is but little to show for it.

—Dr. Willis P. Weaver has returned from Lockport, N. Y., where he was called by the serious illness of his mother. During his absence Dr. Melville Locke, of Philadelphia, attended to his patients here.

—Andrew D. White, ex-President of Cornell, and Miss Helen Magill, eldest daughter of Edward H. Magill, ex-president of Swarthmore College, were married yesterday by Friends' ceremony at Swarthmore, Pa.

—Lydia H. Price, a minister of the society of Friends, will attend an appointed meeting at their meeting house, at the corner of Market and Wood streets, on Second-day evening at half-past seven. All are invited to attend.

—The last personally-conducted Pennsylvania Railroad tour of the season to Cresson will take place next Thursday. A special train leaves Broad street station at 10.40 A. M. The round trip fare including one day's board at the Mountain House is $8.00 from Philadelphia and proportionate rates from other stations.

—Last night between eleven and twelve o'clock another attempt to enter the Cone house was made by some persistent burglar. This time he used a pair of scissors to pry at the back window. The noise he made attracted the attention of Mrs. Alice Taylor and her brother John Ryan who occupy the house, and several pistol shots were fired at the man. He escaped without injury.

—Charles Milligan was convicted on Tuesday of being a nuisance and keeping a disorderly house. George Horn, H. Gates Peters, Samuel Scott, A. J. Hibbs and officer Wilkinson testified that beer was taken into his barber shop and that the place was a great annoyance to the people who were compelled to pass the place. He was sentenced to pay a fine of $1.00 and costs, and to nine months imprisonment in the county jail, and to give a bond in the sum of $300 to keep the peace for two years.

—The Knights of the Golden Eagle will have a big parade in Bristol next Saturday night. In addition to the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, there will be nine Commanderies and seven Castles. Eight bands will furnish the music for the occasion. Altogether from 1200 to 1500 men are expected to be in line. The column will form on Mill street about 8 o'clock and will march through the principal streets of the borough. After the parade is over, a lunch will be served in the large sheds of Dorrance Brothers on Mill street. A good time is expected.

—Yesterday afternoon, about half past four o'clock, Dr. W. Taylor Potts, a well-known physician and prominent citizen of this borough, died suddenly of heart disease at his home on Bath street, while seated in his chair reading a newspaper. He had an attack in the morning but recovered and there was no fear that he was in immediate danger. Dr. Potts was an active member in several beneficial societies, the Red Men, Tonti, and Mystic Chain being among the number. He was President of the Bristol Athletic Association, and took great interest in the National game. He had also served several terms as a member of the borough Council, and was an active Republican. The funeral will take place at 1 o'clock p. m., on Sunday and the interment will be made in the Bristol Cemetery.

Go to William Grace's on Mill street for Roman Candles and Red Lights for the parade of the Knights of the Golden Eagle.

—It is dangerous to steal an umbrella, notwithstanding the popular opinion to the contrary. Edward Carr, a traveling dispenser of corn-salve, one rainy day last July saw an umbrella, standing in front of John Tabram's store on Radcliffe street. He picked it up, and later on an officer picked him up, with the property in his possession. The umbrella belonged to A. J. Hibbs. Carr was tried last Tuesday and the jury returning a verdict of guilty, he was sentenced to pay a fine of $1.00 and costs of prosecution and to undergo an imprisonment in the Bucks County jail for one year.

—In passing sentence upon Charles Milligan, convicted of being a nuisance, Judge Yerkes took occasion to sound a note of warning to others in Bristol who are guilty of like offences. He said: The Act of Assembly provides a punishment of imprisonment for one year and a fine of $500 for this offense. If there is any case in which the fullest penalty of the law should be meted out, it seems to me that this is the case. We will not go that far, however, although we believe you to be one of the worst characters that has been brought here, and we wish the officers would make it known to Bristol when they get back that the next case of this character tried the offender, if guilty, will receive the full penalty of the law.

—The regular meeting of Council was held on last Monday evening. Messrs. Baker, Clark, Deihl, and Horn were absent. The Street committee reported that electric lights had been placed on Bath road and the obstructions to the sewer on Wood street removed. The other committees made no reports. An Ordinance licensing merry-go-rounds and requiring a fee of $2 per day was enacted. An Ordinance establishing the width and grade of Pine street was enacted. The Burgess stated that the work of fixing the pavements on Mill street, necessitated by the change of grade of the railroad tracks was about completed, and that when done the bill would be sent to the Railroad Company for payment. Bills amounting to about $850 were passed. James McCue, member from the Fourth ward, who had previously entered the Chamber visibly intoxicated objected to one of the bills in violent, profane and obscene language, and advanced towards the burgess in a belligerent style. He was ejected from the room by Policeman Wright. A petition of W. H. Hay to connect with Wood street sewer was referred to the Street Committee. A request that Council repair gutters on Washington street between Pond and the railroad, and charge to the property owners was referred to the Street Committee. James Wright, treasurer, presented the tax-duplicate of unpaid taxes amounting to 2,678.86 and on motion Edward N. Booz was appointed collector. A fat-boiling establishment on Otter street was reported as a nuisance. The matter was referred to the nuisance committee with power to act. Richard Trudgen asked for information about the grade of Pine street, which was given him by several members of Council. A defective trunk across a pavement on Otter street was referred to the Street committee. Council then adjourned.

ALL EYES ON PENNSYLVANIA.

Under the above head the Philadelphia Inquirer points out the importance of the contest this year in Pennsylvania. It says:

"All eyes are on Pennsylvania. The political cyclone will be central over this state until the November election. What cheer will the great Keystone Commonwealth give to the Republican party of the nation? Shall it waver in the cause of protection, or shall the majority for Delamater be so overwhelming as to silence every free trader in the land and plainly point to the victory in 1892?

"That is the question which is of burning interest to every friend of protected labor and to every friend of home industries. The issue is so very plain that it cannot be ignored. It is absurd to pretend that the answer will come from the congress districts alone. Most of the Republican districts are so largely Republican that contests in them are next to impossible. The delegation in the new congress cannot vary materially on political lines from the present delegation. The battle is not to be fought there, but on the head of the state ticket. It is the governorship that will be watched by the nation and commented upon, and judgment for or against protection will be passed upon the votes polled by Delamater and Pattison.

A vote for Delamater is a vote for protection. The Republican State convention invited this issue and is ready to stand up to it. A vote for Pattison is a vote for impoverished labor, ruined farms and ultimate free trade. The Democratic State convention recognized the situation, declared for "tariff reform," which is another name for free trade, and denounced the Tariff bill. There is no getting away from it. What shall the verdict be—protection or free trade?"

MR. QUAY'S MEDAL OF HONOR.

The Medal of Honor Legion is an association of old soldiers of which the country has not heard a great deal. The members of it are all heroes and can only become members because of conspicious acts of heroism and self-sacrifice in the service of their country on the battle-field. Only those are eligible who have received the bronze medals granted by act of Congress in 1862 to "such officers, non-commissioned officers and privates as shall most distinguish themselves by their gallantry in action and other soldier-like qualities." A few months ago a movement was started to join all the medalists in an association, and this has been done through the efforts of Col. M. A. Dillon and a number of well-known veterans here. Each medal represents a story or a series of stories calculated to make the heart beat quick and the eyes dilate with interest and admiration. Senator Quay of Pennsylvania is the only man who did not himself apply for it. The Senator is generally considered "a bold, bad man in politics," but he is very modest in pushing forward when the point to be gained is purely personal to himself.

While Senator Quay was colonel of the 134th Pennsylvania he contracted typhoid fever at Falmouth, Va., opposite Fredricksburg, in the latter part of 1862. He was so broken down by the disease that his friends urged him to resign his commission and go home and recuperate. Finally Col. Quay yielded. When his discharge papers were handed to him by Gen. Tyler the latter said he regretted that the colonel was leaving just at that time, as they expected a battle very soon. On hearing this Col. Quay refused to accept his discharge papers and declared his intention of waiting for the battle. Gen. Tyler told him he would be foolish to do this, in view of his broken health; besides, the papers were there and he was a private citizen. If he went into the battle he would be sure to be killed and he had better go home and get well. "Well," Col. Quay answered, "I'd rather be killed in the battle and be called a fool than go home and be called a coward." So he declared he would take a musket and fight as a private if he couldn't go in as an officer. Gen. Tyler, seeing the young man so determined, made him an aid on his staff, and in this capacity he fought all day and far into the night in the famous battle of Fredericksburg, rendering important service. — Correspondence Scranton Republic.

Progress of Dentistry.

Wonderful improvements have been made in dentistry in the last few years, and it is very well, too, for with hot and cold things at meals, and a disregard of the care of teeth, there is much more work for the profession. Years ago a dentist would fit in a single tooth on a pivot. This was done by filling the broken tooth even with the gums, killing the nerve and extracting it and then fastening the crown of a tooth to the root by means of a hickory peg. The wood absorbed everything in a few years and made the breath offensive. Now threads are cut in the root of the broken tooth, a silver screw screwed in and the crown fastened and filled from the back with amalgum. This fills up the tooth, and with ordinary care it will last a lifetime. One, two or a half dozen teeth can now be put in in the same way.

I know a dentist who can tell by simply looking at a person's face whether false teeth are worn or not, and even tell whether they are on gold or celluloid. He says there is something in the shape of the mouth that gives it away. He told me that he can always tell whether an actress on the stage wears false teeth by observing her from the audience. Some people have the lines of the mouth filled out by having teeth made to suit, and he told me of one in particular.

The lady had grown quite frail, and there were wrinkles forming about her mouth that she didn't like. She went north and had a set of teeth made with plumpers attached. A few months ago the teeth fell out of her mouth during a fit of laughing, and the plumpers were broken. She carried her mouth works to this dentist friend of mine and he made her a new outfit, or rather infit, and so pleased was she that she had an extra set made by him that she might not be inconvenienced by another accident.—Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

Accomplished Sea Lion.

A sea lion of the London Zoological garden, who understands wonderfully well what is said to her, even when the language used requires that she should be able to count as far as six, is described by a correspondent of Forest and Stream:

The intelligent creature was brought from the Falkland Islands in 1879. She does a number of amusing things in obedience to verbal instructions, but her most interesting feat is performed when she is told not to touch a certain one of six fish which are thrown to her.

The keeper says to the spectators that he holds six, or five, fish, and that the seal will catch in her mouth all that are thrown to her except the one that any visitor present will mention. Some one replies that she is to miss the second, or the fourth, or the third, as he chooses to decide. The keeper says to the seal, "You may catch all but the ——," mentioning the number which has been decided on. The clever animal never makes a mistake. She remembers the number which has been told her, and keeps the count carefully.

After she has caught her five out of the six fishes she is told that she can come down from her elevation, the chair on the platform in the middle of the pond, and go after the fish which she missed. She does this with an accurate plunge that proves that she was careful to observe where it was thrown. Six fish being as many as the keeper can conveniently hold at one time, her memory and counting ability have not been practiced beyond that number.

Aliens in Europe.

The alien thrives elsewhere as well as in America. It would be hardly fair to call Von Caprivi an alien, for although the German chancellor is of Italian descent he was born of naturalized German parents. Count Taafe, the prime minister of Austria, is an Irish peer. The Russian chancellor, De Giers, is a Swede. Prince Malcolm Khan, a Scotchman, was until recently the Persian ambassador in London. An Irishman (O'Donnell) was thrice prime minister in Spain, and that noble Celt, MacMahon, was president of France. Von Mohrenheim, a German, is the Russian ambassador at Paris. Waddington, the French ambassador in London, is an Englishman. De Launay, the Italian ambassador in Berlin, is a Frenchman. Wood Pasha, the chief consulting admiral of the Turkish fleet, is an Englishman, so was Hobart Pasha, late admiral of the fleet. The most notable of Englishmen at the present time is Henry M. Stanley, an American.—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

Danger from Improvements.

If manufactures give us cheaper and cheaper goods they do so at a large expenditure of human health and life. At the same time they crowd the great centers with a population hard to assimilate and pervaded with its own unhealthy and vicious tendencies.

Even our schools, of which we are justly so proud, greatly aid in propagating the diseases of childhood, besides producing a general tendency to defective vision and a letting down of the general health.

The increasingly minute division of labor, so beneficial in some respects, must have a belittling effect upon the laborer. As one said many years ago, the manufacture of a pin by the divided labor of several different persons gives us excellent pins, but poor mechanics, and worse yet, poor men and women.—Youth's Companion.

Sweet Revenge.

Two Joneses lived next door to each other, and having to call on one of them Brown of course went to the wrong house. A crabbed servant answered the bell, and on Brown asking, "Is this Mr. John Jones'?" she replied snappishly, as if she had been bothered with many such inquiries, "No, it ain't," and slammed the door in his face. Brown walked on a hundred yards or so when a bright thought struck him. He returned at once and rang the same bell again. Again the crabbid servant appeared. "Who said it was?" asked Brown triumphantly, and instantly walked away.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Marine Railway.

York Beach, Me., has ready for use a marine railway, the invention of one of the prominent residents of the town. It is constructed somewhat after the style of a truss bridge, only that the bottom and lower half of the sides are planked up so that it can be filled with stone to prevent its floating or moving about. A floating device for bathing is attached to the extreme or water end, where persons who cannot swim may go into water many times over their heads without the possibility of an accident.—Chicago Herald.

To Autograph Fiends.

Many are now collecting autographs, just as a year or two ago they collected postage stamps or coins or cigarette pictures. In most cases they probably have no real knowledge of the books or deeds of the writers or statesmen or scientific men whom they annoy by petitions for "their names and a favorite sentiment," but have taken up the hobby to tire of it as quickly as they have done of others.

Is it fair that they should encroach on the time of men and women, to whom time is more valuable than money? Or have they the right to place before these busy people the alternative of replying to them, or of "becoming the thieves of a postage stamp?"—Youth's Companion.

A Cranky Patient.

Doctor (to patient)—I do not wish to frighten you, but if you have no objection I'd like to call in a couple of my brother physicians.

Irascible Patient—All right! If you need any assistance in murdering me call in your accomplices.—Texas Siftings.

No Physic Like It.

"Why, how did you cure that game leg? I thought you would be lame for life."

"So did I before I got a verdict for $5,000 against the railroad company, but that straightened it out in no time."—Epoch.

Justice Bradley, of the national supreme court, is an expert mathematician. He has been known to make almanacs and calendars just to keep his mind in good working order.

The Want of Self Confidence.

There are some who never seem to believe themselves capable of anything; they see others press forward to attempt and achieve, and shrink back into a desponding inactivity. Having no faith in themselves they undertake nothing and effect nothing. If they are convicted of some fault or bad habit they have so little hope of being able to cure it that they scarcely make an effort. If some avenue of usefulness and honor opens up before them they draw back, almost sure that they should not succeed, and decline to enter. If some duty presses urgently upon their conscience they try to quiet its promptings by pleading inability. Thus their lives pass away in uselessness, their faculties do not develop or their characters improve, their abilities are wasted, they dwindle into insignificance, and all this, not for lack of power, but for the want of a confidence and courage that would set that power into good practical working order.—New York Ledger.

Automatic Elevator Door Closer.

A simple and inexpensive construction has been devised for automatically operating the sliding doors guarding the exposed landings of passenger elevators, and by means of which all the doors in the elevator shaft are held positively closed, except the door at the particular landing where the car is stopped. The car can thus be moved from a remote landing and brought to any other, above or below, closing the door of the landing it leaves, without requiring the services of an attendant on the car. The apparatus may be readily applied to all elevators, old or new, where the doors slide on rollers, and can be easily manufactured and put in place by any good mechanic.—New York Telegram.

Well Preserved Wood.

B. Dean, of Jonesboro, Ga., has a block from a garden gate post that was hewn out and placed in the ground in 1804. He made a visit to his sister in Baldwin county, and it was at her home that he secured the block from the aged yet serviceable post. The post was hewn out of a light wood tree, and is perfectly sound today. Mr. Dean says it is good for another eighty-six years and perhaps much longer.—Chicago Herald.

Probably.

"Did you go to the reception?" asked the Telegraph Wire of the Lamp Post.

"No; where was it?"

"At the Subway's. They had quite a blowout, I heard."

"They didn't invite me. I guess they knew I couldn't get down."—Puck.

A Woman Two Hundred Years Old.

A case is on record of a woman who lived to this advanced age, but it is scarcely necessary to state that it was in "the olden time." Now-a-days too many women do not live half their allotted years. The mortality due to functional derangements in the weaker sex is simply frightful, to say nothing of the indescribable suffering which makes life scarcely worth the living to so many women. But for these sufferers there is a certain relief. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will positively cure leucorrhea, painful menstruation, prolapus, pain in the ovaries, weak back; in short, all those complaints to which so many women are martyrs. It is the only guaranteed cure, see guarantee on bottle-wrapper.

Cleanse the liver, stomach, bowels and system by using Dr. Pierce's Pellets.

What is the use!

Of buying worthless medicines, and spending money on quack doctors whose only idea is to gull the public. Is it not better to buy reliable medicine like Sulphur Bitters? I think so, as they cured me of Catarrh after suffering three years.—F. P. Clark, Manchester.

Be your own Doctor!

It won't cost you one-half as much. Do not delay. Send three two-cent stamps for postage, and we will send you Dr. Kaufmann's great work, fine colored plates from life, on disease, its causes and home cure. Address, A. P. Ordway, & Co., Boston, Mass.

DRUNKENNESS—LIQUOR HABIT—IN ALL THE WORLD THERE IS BUT ONE CURE DR. HAINES' GOLDEN SPECIFIC.

It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it effecting a speedy and permanent cure whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been cured who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful results from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence, Golden Specific Co., 185 Race Street, Cincinnati, O.

THE QUEEN PAYS ALL EXPENSES. — The Queen's last "Free Trip to Europe" having excited such universal interest, the publishers of that popular magazine offer another and $200 extra for expenses, to the person sending them the largest list of English words constructed from letters contained in the three words "British North American." Additional prizes consisting of Silver Tea Sets, China Dinner Sets, Gold Watches, French Music Boxes, Portiere Curtains, Silk Dresses, Mantel Clocks, and many other useful and valuable articles will also be awarded in order of merit. A special prize of a Seal Skin Jacket to the lady, and a handsome Shetland Pony to girl or boy (delivered free in Canada or United States) sending the largest lists. Everyone sending a list of not less than twenty words will receive a present. Send six U. S. 2c stamps for complete rules, illustrated catalogue of prizes, and sample number of The Queen. Address The Canadian Queen, Toronto, Canada.

A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the Spring and Summer trade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40 cts. to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $3.00 per suit; and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

NOTICE!

The members of the

INDEPENDENT MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

are hereby requested to pay to EDWARD THOMAS, Treasurer, No. 1667 Summer st., Philadelphia, within 60 days from the date of this notice, Seventeen cents on each $100 insured by them respectively, to meet the liabilities of the Company. The Treasurer will sit at the following times and places to receive the tax:

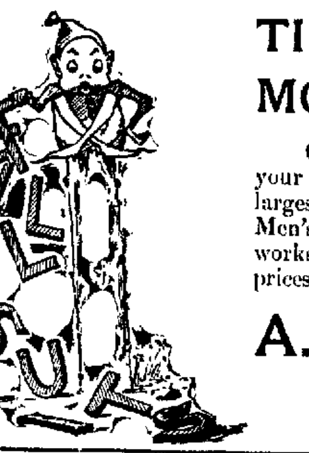
Monday, Oct. 13,	"	Silbert's hotel, Bristol, 9 to 12.
"	"	Eddington store, 2 to 3.
"	"	Red Lion Hotel, 3-30 to 5.
Tuesday	"	14, Johnson's hotel, Holmesburg, 9 to 3.
Wed'y.	"	15, New hotel, Tacony, 9 to 12.
"	"	15, Hafer's, Bridesburg, 2 to 4.
Thursd'y	"	16, Seven Stars, Frankford, 9 to 3.
Friday	"	17, Upper Hotel, Fox Chase, 9 to 3.
Saturday	"	18, Clayton's, Branchtown, 9 to 12.
"	"	18, Felton's store, Olney, 2 to 4.
Monday	"	20, Sandiford store, 9 to 12.
"	"	20, Upper Hotel, Bustleton, 2 to 4.
Wed'y.	"	22, Hafer's hotel, Bridesb'g, 9 to 3.
Thursd'y	"	23, Clayton's, Hunt'n Valley, 9 to 12.
"	"	23, Dyer's, Somerton, 2 to 4.
Friday	"	24, Stouts' Holmesburg, 9 to 3.
Saturday	"	25, Flynn's hotel, Main above Green, Frankford, 9 to 3.

If not paid on or before Nov. 6. 1890, ten per cent. will be added and the policy suspended until paid.

All notices by postal cards and hand-bills shall be considered only as an act of courtesy and shall not establish a precedent. The Company does not hold itself responsible for the safe delivery of individual notices.

THOMAS SHALLCROSS, Sect.

September 6, 1890.



TIME SAVED MONEY MADE

Come direct to the manufacturers for your Fall Suit and Overcoat. Two of the largest stores in Philadelphia stocked with Men's and Boys' Clothing from our own workshops. The best qualities at the lowest prices.

A. C. Yates & Co.

6th and Chestnut. Ledger Building. 13th and Chestnut. New Store.

New Advertisements.

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength. —U. S. Government Report, August 17th, 1889.

DOYLESTOWN FAIR!

SEPT. 23, 24, 25 & 26,

AT DOYLESTOWN, BUCKS COUNTY, PA,

COMPETITION OPEN TO ALL.

TROTTING, PACING & RUNNING RACES.

BEST HALF MILE TRACK IN THE STATE. TRIALS OF SPEED DAILY.

On Wednesday, Sept. 24th, **HON. GEO. W. DELAMATER,** Republican Candidate for Governor, and

On Thursday, Sept. 25, **HON. ROBT. E. PATTISON,** Democratic Candidate for Governor,

Will be at the Fair and Deliver Addresses.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

EXCURSION RATES ON ALL RAILROADS LEADING TO DOYLESTOWN.

For Premium Lists and other information address the Recording Secretary at Doylestown.

EASTBURN REEDER, President.
J. EVAN ZORNS, Recording Secretary.
N. C. James, Corresponding Secretary.

To Consignors and Consignees of Freight in Car Loads,

between Philadelphia, Phoenixville, Frazer, Coatesville, West Chester, Lamokin, Chadd's Ford Junction, Gray's Ferry, Thurlow, Wilmington, Perryville, New Castle, Chestnut Hill, Lansdale, Langhorne, Bristol, Camden, Pavonia, Kaighn's Point, Gloucester, Newfield and Atlantic City, all inclusive.

A serious loss and much inconvenience has been caused, both to shippers and to railroad companies, by the unnecessary detention of cars in loading and unloading freight. Shippers are often unable to procure cars, tracks are encumbered, and the prompt movement of freight is impossible under the practices that have prevailed. The railroad companies have resolved to correct this evil, and have issued the notice printed below.

The system thus established has been in force at a number of important points during the past year, with advantageous results in every instance. The amount charged is not sufficient to recompense the companies for the use of their cars and tracks for warehouse purposes, and is not collected for the purpose of revenue, but for the prevention of abuses.

The rules will be enforced without discrimination by the Philadelphia Car Service Association, which will act for all interests alike.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that on and after the first day of September, 1890, at 12.01 A. M. there will be a minimum charge for the detention of cars of one dollar per car per day, or any fraction thereof, if not loaded within forty-eight hours after being placed in position for loading, or unloading within forty-eight hours after arrival.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD CO.,
PHILADELPHIA, WILMINGTON & BALTIMORE RAILROAD CO.,
PHILADELPHIA & BALTIMORE CENTRAL RAILROAD CO.,
WEST JERSEY RAILROAD CO.,
CAMDEN & ATLANTIC RAILROAD CO.
BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD CO.
PHILADELPHIA & READING RAILROAD CO.,
ATLANTIC CITY RAILROAD CO.
WILMINGTON & NORTHERN RAILROAD CO.
RIVER FRONT RAILROAD CO.
JUNCTION RAILROAD CO.

J. E. CHALLENGER, Manager, Provident Building, Fourth and Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Printed pamphlets giving full details of the Rules can be had upon application to the local railroad agents, or at Office of the Manager.

Miscellaneous

Furniture :-: :-: Repaired

By a Good Mechanic.

I have found that the People of Bristol want a place where they can have their

Furniture Repaired in a Workmanlike manner, and also done Promptly.

I HAVE EMPLOYED

Mr. Robert Clark,

Who is well known in Bristol, to take charge of this branch and solicit your trade.

We will make

Window Shades and Mattresses TO ORDER.

Chairs Recaned, Carpets cut and laid, and everything in the repairing line promptly attended to.

JOHN G. TABRAM,

Next to Town Hall, Bristol, Pa

JOHN NIMON,

DEALER IN FINE

Groceries, Provisions, Fruit & Vegetables,

FRESH DAILY.

My Teas and Coffees are the Best.

COR. WOOD AND WASHINGTON SREETS.

C. F. HERRMANN,

—DEALER IN—

FURNITURE, CARPETS, AND WINDOW SHADES.

Goods sold on Easy Payments.

UPHOLSTERING, FURNITURE REPAIRED

Radcliffe St., opposite B. F. Gilkeson's office, Bristol, Pa.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of PETER WHITE, deceased, late of Falls Twp., Bucks County.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

EDMUND WRIGHT, Administrator.
Morrisville P. O.

Miscellaneous

Philadelphia Cash Grocery

AND CHICAGO BEEF MARKET,

Radcliffe & Market Sts., Bath & Buckley Sts. Bristol, and Second & Furman and Hudson and Mott Sts., Trenton, N. J.

FOUR STORES!

Immense quantities of goods bought for low prices, for cash, and will be sold at correspondingly low rates.

Choice Roast, 10c. per lb. up.
Choice Steak, 12c. up. Stewing Meat, 4, 6, 8, 10
Gilt Edge Butter, 25c. per lb.

FRED. B. BOOZ,

—DEALER IN—

FINE GROCERIES, FRUITS, AND PROVISIONS

A specialty in

TEAS AND COFFEES.

Goods Delivered Promptly.

COR. RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS.

Your trade is solicited.

J. D. LOWDEN,

No. 50 Mill Street, Bristol,

HAS THE FINEST STOCK OF

BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, &c.

REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.

WILLIAM TERNESON,

Manufacturer & dealer in

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fine *Boots, Shoes & Gaiters,*

Cor. Mill and Pond Sts., BRISTOL, PA.

A first-class calf-skin Gaiter, my own make, $3. Also a full line of John Mundell's Solar Tipped Children's Shoes.

FOR SALE,

A Choice Property on Bath street, also one on Lafayette street.

A. WEIR GILKESON.

BEST COAL

AT

Pioneer Coal Yard.

ESTABLISHED 1837.

Best Grades of Lehigh

For family purposes delivered promptly by good carters.

WOOD, LIME, BRICK, SAND, ETC.

FAMILY FLOUR A SPECIALTY.

E. LEEDOM & SON,

25 Bath Street.

The MISSES CABEEN will re-open their School Wednesday, Sept. 24th, 1890.

Legal Advertisements

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of GEORGE EASTWOOD, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks county.

ALL PERSONS indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay, to

JOHN C. STUCKERT, Administrator cum testamento annexo.

ESTATE NOTICE

Estate of HARVEY MARGERUM, late of Morrisville Borough, Bucks County, Pa., deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

EDMUND WRIGHT, Executor.

Or B. F. & A. W. Gilkeson & W. S. Wright, Attys.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of ROBERT WRIGHT, late of Falls Township, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate settlement, and all persons having legal claims against the said estate are requested to present the same in proper form, without delay, for settlement, to

ARTHUR C. IVINS,
THOMAS C. IVINS,
Executors.

or B. F. & A. W. GILKESON & W. S. WRIGHT, Attys.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of JOHN W. BROWN, late of Bristol Borough, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

J. MILNOR BROWN, Administrator.

or, B. F. & A. W. GILKESON & WM. S. WRIGHT his Attorneys.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of REBECCA S. KIRKBRIDE, late of Bristol Borough, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay, to

JOSEPH J. KIRKBRIDE, M. D.
35 South 19th St., Phila.

Or His Attorney, JOHN C. STUCKERT.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of NATHAN N. CAMPBELL, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay, to

JOHN R. CAMPBELL, Administrator.

B. F. & A. WEIR GILKESON, & W. S. WRIGHT, his Attorneys.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of CHARLES S. BAILEY, late of Bristol borough, Bucks County, deceased.

LETTERS testamentary on above Estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same, without delay, to

A. WEIR GILKESON,
CHAS. S. BAILEY, JR.,
Executors.

Philadelphia Business Houses.

Fine Tailoring At Reasonable prices.

JOHN LEUPOLD & SON,

610 Arch Street, (OPPOSITE ARCH ST. THEATRE,) Philadelphia.

BEST CARPETS AT OFF PRCES.

We have bought from the Best Manufacturers a large lot of Tapestry Brussels at prices much below the cost to make them, and will give you the benefit of a good carpet at an exceedingly low price as long as they last. The patterns are all new and very pretty, and the quality is the best that can be had. Do not fail to see them. The prices are 46c., 50c., 60c., 70c. Our extra heavy quality ingrains at 40c. and 50c., are very handsome.

HOWARD THOMAS & CO.

1206 Market St., Philada.

MODEL COFFEE HOUSE,

27 and 29 SOUTH FOURTH STREET,

HAVING BEEN THOROUGHLY REPAIRED SINCE THE FIRE, HAS BEEN RE-OPENED. Every part of the building has been completely renovated. A cool and pure atmosphere has been secured by a thorough system of Ventilation. Improved Cooking Apparatus has been introduced—the Bill of Fare has been enlarged, and many other improvements adapted to suit the convenience and comfort of its patrons.

ANTIQUES In FURNITURE, PORCELAIN, SILVER, &c.

—BRIC-A-BRAC.—

ROBERT NOBLE,

33 S. 15th St. | India Shawls Repaired & Altered. | Philadelphia.

FERGUSON & WESTON,

—OPTICIANS,—

39 S. Fifteenth St., Philadelphia.

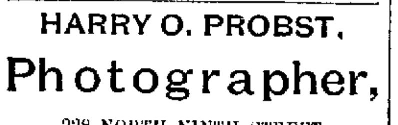
***Opera Glasses, Field Glasses, Barometers, Thermometers, Spectacles, Eye Glasses. EYES EXAMINED FREE.

WALL PAPERS! Bargains. WALL PAPERS! Bargains.

Gold Papers	10c and upwards per piece.
Gold papers Embossed	20c and upwards per piece.
White Backs	6c and upwards per piece.
Brown Backs	4c and upwards per piece.
Common Borders	1c yard and upwards.
Gold Borders	2c yard and upwards.

J. A. moss. 808 Market St.

Paper Hanging Done City or Country. Lowest Prices.



SHOES WILL FIT YOUR FEET AND GIVE YOU COMFORT.

K. PANCOAST, 41 N. Ninth St., Phila.

HARRY O. PROBST,

Photographer,

228 NORTH NINTH STREET,

Philadelphia - - Pa.

J. D. BARDO,

Manufacturer of HUMAN HAIR GOODS,

Ladies' and Gent's WIGS and TOUPEES made to order and for hire.

No. 2141 North Front Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

Ladies' Hair Dressed and Cleansed. Children's Hair Cut. Braids, Curls, etc. made to order. All orders by mail promptly attended to. Sample of hair should accompany each order to duplicate.

HARRY HART,

S. E. Cor. 10th and Fairmount Ave.

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MONEY TO LOAN

On goods of all descriptions. Large amounts at low rates of interest. Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Guns, Revolvers, Musical Instruments, etc. sold at one-third their value. Two minutes' walk from 9th and Green Street depot.

WHITE MOUNTAIN

DRY COLD AIR

REFRIGERATOR,

Is the Finest Made.

OIL and GASOLINE STOVES

Wholesale and Retail.

M. C. ANDERSON, 52 N. 2d St. PHILA.

Spanish Cream.

A CURE GUARANTEED FOR BLEEDING, Blind and Itching Piles. Sample 10 cents. Ask your Druggist for it.

Office, 128 S. 8th St.,

Philadelphia, Pa.

Sold by LEWIS BROS., corner of Market and Mulberry Streets.

F. DIMAIO,

Manufacturer of

Fine CUBAN HAND MADE CIGARS

Wholesale and Ratail.

Havana and Domestic Cigars always on Hand.

NO. 131 WALNUT STREET.



Rubber Shoes unless worn uncomfortably tight, generally slip off the feet.

THE "COLCHESTER" RUBBER CO.

make all their shoes with inside of heel lined with rubber. This clings to the shoe and prevents the rubber from slipping off.

Call for the "Colchester"

"ADHESIVE COUNTERS."

GRAFF, SON & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS.

PHITADELPHIA, PA.

At Retail By,

(Retail dealers can have their names inserted here on application.)

eneva Magnetic Water.

JEFFERIES & CO.,

2 North Twelfth Street,

PHILADELPHIA.



WM. SEEFELDT,

Manufacturer of

Brass Instrum'ts.

910 Race Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

No connection with any other place.



Are the Best

NORTH, SOUTH, EAST OR WEST.

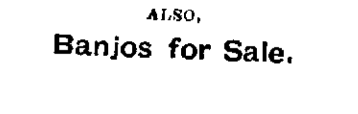
The Oldest and Most Extensive Seed Growers in the United States.

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Implements and Seeds in great variety. Send for handsomely illustrated Catalogue and Price-List.

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21 and 23 South Sixth St., Phila. Branch Store, Delaware Ave. and Arch Street.



Teacher OF Banjos, STUDIO, 1413 Chest. St. Philada.

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Banjos for Sale.

BOOTS & SHOES.

M. H. VanBuren.

509 N. EIGHT ST.

Practical Custom Boot and Shoe Maker.

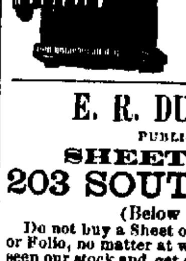
HARNESS AND SADDLES.



HARNESS—CUSTOM MADE AT wholesale prices; best for the price ever offered. A clear saving of 35 per cent. Buggy as low as $9; track, $12; express, $14; double, $24; imported saddles and bridles, fine coupe harness, team harness, $22 and upwards. Prices rule low on everything in our line.

SCHAEFER & CO.,

No. 238 Arch Street, Philadelphia.



D. C. Humphrey's

Awnings & Tents.

WINDOW AWNINGS A SPECIALTY.

27 S. 3d St.

(Below Market)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Prompt Attention.

E. R. DURBOROW,

PUBLISHER OF

SHEET MUSIC,

203 SOUTH 10th ST.

(Below Walnut.)

Do not buy a Sheet of Music or a Music Book or Folio, no matter at what price, until you have seen our stock and get our price, as we prefer to cut the price so that you get the benefit every time. Catalogue Free.

M. A. Morrison,

1002 PINE STREET, PHILA.

Cabinet-Maker and Upholsterer.

Manufacturer of Morrison's Furniture Polish and Moth Destroyer.

ESTABLISHED NEARLY FIFTY YEARS.

To Save Money on Good Hand-made Shoes, go to

THE WORKING MEN'S SHOE STORE,

333 S. 2d Street, above Pine, Phila.

$2.00 Boys' Shoes from $1.25 upwards; Men's Sewed Shoes, our own make, $2.50. Give us a call and be convinced,

B. SCHWARTZ,

Repairing neatly done.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

SEEN IN A PICTURE.

Little girl upon the street,
Laughing eyes and tripping feet,
With your hands all running over,
Daisy blooms and flowers of clover,
You to me a picture bring
Of a long lost sunny spring:
Waving woods and sunset skies
Rise like dreams of paradise.

Little girl, when coming days
Hold for you their memories;
When in womanhood's fair land
You shall, happy, one day stand,
Keep your childish faiths as sweet
As the blossoms at your feet;
Though your hands no more run over
With the daisies and the clover.

Some day, little maiden fair,
With the wind tossed, sunny hair,
Shall you flush at love's sweet praises,
That are sweeter than the daisies;
Woman's hopes and woman's love,
Sweetness sent by heaven above,
With these shall your hands run over,
Dropping daisy blooms and clover.
—Boston Budget.

A SAILOR IN AFRICA.

The British bark Margaret, on which I was carpenter and sailmaker, had put into the port of Quiloa, on the east coast of Africa, in distress, homeward bound from the Red sea. I had shipped for the voyage out and back, but when we ran into Quiloa I determined to take French leave. Three more brutal officers than those in command of the bark never walked a ship's deck, and, although I rated above the common sailor, I had come in for my share of abuse. I was young, full of adventure, and I should perhaps have cut sticks if everything had been pleasant aboard the ship. My first idea was to go alone, but an apprentice aboard named Thomas Cade, about 18 years old, suspected my designs, and entreated permission to go along. He had been knocked about and dogged around until he was ready to commit suicide to escape further ill treatment. I was glad enough of the opportunity to take him, and on the second night of the bark's arrival we were off.

Quiloa twenty-five years ago contained only a few hundred inhabitants. There was a wharf, a warehouse, two or three trading stores, and a few dozen huts and houses, and the population was badly mixed. As we were fast at the wharf, and as Thomas stood deck watch during the earlier hours of evening, we had no trouble in getting away. We took with us a change of clothes, two of the ship's muskets and ammunition, a light axe, a few pounds of provisions, and means for building a fire, and we passed through the village and into the forest to the west of it without meeting any one. We did not go more than half a mile before we camped down for the remainder of the night, but even as close to town as that the hyenas and jackals were so numerous that we did not close our eyes in sleep. Where we were going or what might befall us we did not know nor care. The idea was to get away from the bark. After that things might take care of themselves.

We were up and off at dawn, holding straight for the west by a pocket compass which I had. It was likely that we would be pursued, and for two hours we hurried ahead at a smart pace, and then halted for breakfast. We had been traveling through forest and jungle all the time, not meeting with even a footpath as evidence of civilization, and after having a bite to eat we began to look at the serious side of the situation. Whither were we bound? What should we do after getting there? These and other questions we asked ourselves without being able to answer in a satisfactory manner, and then, sailorlike, we dismissed the matter from our minds and agreed to take the good and bad as it came. When we resumed our journey it was at a more leisurely pace, but at noon we were probably fifteen miles from the town. The country was just as wild as if Quiloa was a thousand miles away. It being daylight and a hot day most of the savage beasts were asleep, but now and then we saw a jackal or a serpent, and just before noon we routed out two big hyenas which seemed disposed for a time to dispute the way.

Always keeping due west, and always traveling through an unbroken wilderness, we made about twenty-five miles that first day. When we went into camp we collected a large amount of firewood, and it was well that we did so, for the night came on dark, and the wild beasts gathered around us to make such pandemonium that we were almost frightened out of our wits. We heard the lions begin to roar as soon as the sun went down, and two of them hung about us all night long, coming so close to the fire on two occasions that I hit one of them with a burning brand. Thomas was no good to me after the lions made their first appearance. It would have been better for us had we taken to a tree and tied ourselves to the branches, but we had an idea that we must protect ourselves with a fire, and the presence of so many wild animals frightened the boy until he was helpless. I did nothing but feed the fire all night long, and when daylight came and we were left in peace I flung myself down and was asleep in a moment. It was noon before I opened my eyes, and Thomas was yet asleep. We gathered some wild fruit, of which there was a grand supply, ate sparingly of what we had brought from the ship, and after slaking our thirst at a water hole which was evidently much resorted to by animals we headed to the west and made a good fifteen miles during the afternoon. The forest was now more broken, and now and then we came to a small prairie on which many wild animals were feeding. Just before dark, as we approached one of these openings, I crept forward and shot a large eland, and we built a fire and ate our fill of roasted meat.

We had intended to climb a tree on this night, but darkness fell suddenly while we were still eating, and then we were afraid to move for fear of the wild animals, which appeared as if by magic. We gathered all the wood within reach and kept a good fire blazing until about midnight. Then our fuel ran low, and the wild beasts were emboldened to come nearer. We had heard lions roaring in different directions, but only one had come close enough to prove a menace. He neither growled nor roared, but flitted about like a shadow, and whenever the fire got low he came so near that we were in momentary expectation of being attacked. We were about ten rods from a tree which we could climb, and when the fuel gave out and the fire got so low that I knew the lion would soon select one of us for a victim I told Thomas that we would make a rush for the tree and hope to get a safe lodgment in its branches. The boy was terribly frightened, and I had scarcely spoken before he bolted away for the tree, not waiting for my company. The lion was on the opposite side of the fire, and my plan was to rush at him with the firebands and scare him far enough away to enable us to reach the tree. As Tom moved the beast uttered a low growl, and I heard him as he bounded through the darkness and seized the boy. There was just one sharp cry, and then I heard the lion dragging the body away. While his attention was thus employed I made a flank movement and gained the tree, and toward morning the forest became so quiet that I got a little sleep. Once or twice I thought I heard the lion growling and tearing, but nothing came near to disturb me. When daylight came and I descended from my perch almost the first thing I saw was a portion of poor Tom's body lying on the grass not over 200 feet from my tree. The lion had made a meal of him right there under my nose.

I hid one gun in a tree and shouldered the other and started off, still going west; and I made no halt until noon, when I stopped to eat breakfast and dinner in one. It was while devouring this meal that I was suddenly surrounded by about thirty natives, each one armed for war, and in a trice I found myself a captive. They came on me so suddenly that I could offer no defense, and this fact no doubt saved my life. Only a few of the band, as soon became apparent, had ever seen a white man at close quarters before. I was viewed and investigated with the greatest interest and astonishment, and as soon as I got a little nerve I saw that it was policy to humor them all I could. Only one man, the leader, carried a musket, which was an old flint lock and out of repair, while mine was a fairly good weapon of percussion fire. They could not make it out, and I set up a mark and discharged it for their benefit. Then I made them understand by signs that I had hidden another like it in the woods to the east, and we at once started off in search of it. I could not have followed my trail a hundred rods, but one of the men picked it up so readily that most of the way was covered at a lope. We were no more than three hours making the journey, and great was their gratification at getting their hands on the other weapon.

I had talked with two or three old sailors who had taken to the bush in East Africa to escape cruel treatment on shipboard, and by putting this and that together I made up my mind that I had fallen in with the members of the Worumbu tribe. They wear no rings in their noses, as is the case with the tribes north and south of them, but those worn in their ears are so heavy that those organs are pulled almost down to their shoulders. From their signs of astonishment at my presence among them I judged that they could have nothing to do with the white men on the coast, and in this I was correct. I learned after a few days that no more than five or six men out of a tribe numbering thousands had ever seen a white man. As they exhibited no evidences of enmity or desire to injure me I tried to act as if at home in their company.

After resting a bit we headed to the southwest and traveled until dark, when the band went into camp for the night. All next day we kept the same direction, and just at sundown entered the village from which the warriors had departed. It was almost hidden by banana groves, had no stockade or other defense, and I saw many cattle and other evidences that the people were pastoral rather than warlike. I learned later on that the party who found me were out after a band from another tribe which had been stealing their cattle. I was an object of the greatest curiosity in the village, and, while in one sense a prisoner, I was allowed to go where I pleased, and no one treated me with anything but kindness. I was perfectly satisfied for the time. Being a good carpenter I constructed a house for the chief which excited the admiration of all and gave me his lasting friendship. They raised a species of millet, which was pounded in a hole in the rock. I made a mill to grind it, laid out an earthwork which should defend the village in case of attack, and made several ox yokes, and showed them how to train their cattle to work. A mile above the camp, on a hill at least seventy-five feet higher, was a fine spring, from which all the water was brought by the women. One day I found some canes in the forest with a bore of at least an inch and a half. I cut enough of these to reach from the spring to the village, and soon made the natives understand what I was about. We rolled rocks together to make a basin in the village, and the pipe was led up the slope to the spring. It was no trick at all to turn the water into it, and there was head enough to give us a fountain below. It was accounted nothing less than a miracle, and the chief offered to send an escort with me whenever I desired to return to the coast.

Every tribe of Africans has its sorcerers. This tribe had two, and naturally enough they were very jealous of me. They declared me to be a fraud and "bad medicine" and so worked on the feelings of the people that they demanded that I be sent away. In this emergency the chief called for a test to prove that the charges of the sorcerers were instigated by jealousy. In the presence of about 800 people each of the three was asked to conjure up a rain storm, of which there was great need. From force of habit I had kept an eye on the weather. I knew from the shape and drift of the clouds and the feel of the wind that no rain could be expected for several days. One of the sorcerers declared that it would rain that night, while the other put it twenty-four hours later. I made my guess for the morning of the fourth day. The first sorcerer brought no rain and was ridiculed. The second also missed it and was laughed at. At 9 o'clock on the morning of the fourth day it began raining, and the people came and cheered me. This settled the case for all time, and the sorcerers were sent out with the cattle, and made to work and live like the others.

For four long years I lived right there among the villagers, being one of them except in color, but I then began to sigh for civilization and to hear my native tongue again. I had but to express a wish to return to the coast for the chief to start me off for Quiloa. I did not go empty handed, but he presented me with ivory which sold for nearly $1,500 at that port, and a week after reaching it I had shipped on a vessel bound to the cape. I have here given but an outline of my life among the natives. I shall hereafter take pleasure in detailing some of the queer and startling adventures which befel me while nominally a member of the tribe.—New York Sun.

Servants and Tips.

Speaking of waiters and tips, there are no meaner hogs in the city than some of the New York waiters. If you help pay their wages by giving them what they have no earthly right to (tips) they will wait on you till sun up; and if you are so fortunate as to impress them with your wealth, there are few things they will not do for you of a servile nature; but if you cannot afford to tip the Lord help you! You will be neglected, shut out, stared at, covertly sneered at and finally have the dishes almost flung at you. That was what happened to two poor but very respectable young women who went into an up town dining room the other night, while women who could afford to tip, and did, had the best service the house afforded. The two young women at last left, humiliated, crushed, shamefaced, as guilty looking as if they had stolen something.—Chatter.

SAVED BY A BANK BOOK

HOW A GREENHORN CLEARED HIS HOMESTEAD IN FLORIDA.

His Disastrous Experience Told by the Survivor—A Committee of "Crackers" Made an Important Call on the Settler—His Check Book to the Rescue.

"I had been a clerk in a city store ever since I was old enough to work, and I was green There is no doubt about that in my mind now, though I spurned the thought then. I had sold the stony little farm on the bleak Vermont hillside which had come to me after my father had worried himself into the grave trying to get rich on it, and had landed in Florida full of guide book opinions of the 'land of the cypress.'

"I took up a homestead on the long, narrow strip of land that divides the Atlantic ocean from the Indian river. I did not go to see it before 'entering' for it at the land office, because I knew that was unnecessary.

"I reached the spot by sailboat from Titusville, at the head of the river, and was delighted to find that I had neighbors not far away, to the north and also to the south. They were 'crackers.' That is the name which one native Floridian applies to other native Floridians whom he does not like. They had orange groves, to be sure, but they did not seem to be growing rich on their crops. This I attributed to their shiftless method of agriculture. Instead of clearing their land of the big pine trees that cumbered it they merely girdled the trees and left them standing, dead and bare, a constant menace to passers by and to the young orange trees which were planted among their roots, as well as an eyesore on the landscape.

CLEARING UP.

"I determined to cut my trees down in the good old New England fashion, clear the land thoroughly and raise vegetables between the rows of orange trees till they were old enough to bear a golden harvest. First I set to work on the underbrush, and then came my first experience with palmetto roots.

"Well, by the time I had two acres of palmetto roots pulled out and a wilderness of big trees down on top of them my back was almost broken, my ready money all gone and no prospect of a crop in sight. I had come down in the early fall and now it was about Christmas. The season had been a pretty dry one, and the logs looked so full of sap that I thought they would burn, though too green to burn fast. So I set them on fire.

"That was the most disastrous fire I ever lit. I forgot that the sap of these trees was mostly resin. The way the flame crept along through that mass of underbrush and leaped up every resinous pine tree it met was terrific. I fought it as long as I could move a limb and then dropped, exhausted and despairing, and watched it roar off through the woods like an evil spirit that I had raised and was powerless to control. It was sundown when I gave up the fight and I could do nothing more that night.

"The exhaustion made me sleep far into the next day, and I was awakened a little after noon by loud knocks on my door. Opening it, I was confronted by five or six big, rough men, all armed with shotguns and with an ominous look on their faces. They strode into my cabin and shut the door behind them.

"'Stranger,' said the spokesman gruffly, 'you have started a fire here in your darned Yankee ignorance of farmin', and all the good ye've done is to burn the rawsun and the bark off a lot of green trees, and now you've got a lot of black logs on yer hands that are a derned sight meaner to handle than ever. But yer derned fire has spread into the groves of yer neighbors, where the dead trees were still a-standin', and they have been burned to the ground, as anybody but a natural born fool might 'a' knowed they would, and our orange trees is ruined with them. Such varmint as you isn't fit to live in this country. Say yer prayers, mister, for we're going to plant you before we go back.'

CLEARING OUT.

"I was terribly frightened, for I could see they were in dead earnest. My teeth began to chatter, but a bright thought struck me. I had deposited some money in a bank at Jacksonville on my way down, and had a check book with some blank checks left in it, though the money had all been drawn out long ago.

"'Gentlemen,' I said, 'I am clearing this place for a northern syndicate, who are going to make extensive plantations here, and I can pay you on the spot for your losses, caused by my ignorance of Florida forests, and I assure you that such a thing will not happen again.' With this I whipped out my check book, took up a pencil and prepared to write with as much show of confidence as I could muster under the circumstances.

"I had been pretty free with the five or six hundred dollars I had brought down with me, and so the story of the northern syndicate seemed to them to be likely enough. The word syndicate anyway seems to have an awe inspiring power down there. The idea that a syndicate might be penniless seems preposterous. But it was the bank checks that overwhelmed them. Checks on a real national bank were something they had heard of, but never handled before.

"You may be sure they swindled me awfully in making up the estimates of their losses, but I was not disposed to be penurious, merely making enough objection to allay possible suspicion. So I drew a check for each man, big enough to buy his farm five times over, and they went away laughing to themselves at my gullibility.

"As soon as they were out of sight I packed into my boat all my outfit, set every stitch of sail and reached the nearest town by the next night, sold my outfit for enough to buy a ticket north, and did not breathe freely till I felt myself well beyond the reach of those simple 'crackers,' whose groves I had ignorantly ruined, and in whose hands I knew my life would not be worth an hour's purchase when they discovered how I had escaped their just indignation."—New York Tribune.

LIFE ON A WATER FARM.

There Is Profit in Raising Fish and Frogs for Market.

It has not been many years since water farming was added to the possibilities of "agriculture" in Indiana. It began as a diversion. It has become a business. Enough time has now elapsed to demonstrate that water farming may be made practicable and profitable—at least as profitable as some other rural occupation, and more enticing than the ordinary life of an agriculturist. As much money can be made off an acre of water as off an acre of land, including well located fish and frog ponds on the one hand and ordinary farming on the other.

One of the pioneers of water farming in Indiana is Mr. Joseph Manlove, of Milton. Seven years ago he bought a small piece of low land lying between the White Water canal and White Water river. He determined to flood the low land, and to add to his possessions the adjoining high land for park purposes. His place now includes fourteen acres of water and twenty-one of land. His business is largely with the water and only incidentally with the dry land. His first purpose was to establish a carp pond, from which the fish market might be supplied. This was accomplished in two years with comparative ease. Now he has practically an unlimited quantity of this variety of fish. However, the public taste also calls for bass, and Manlove determined to add this variety to his supply. His lake is now stocked with a vast supply of black bass. They have grown finely, and bass fishing will be "put on the market." Bass promise so much better than carp that "Farmer" Manlove uses his young carp as food for his bass.

Still another "department" has been added to the "farm"—frogs. Four acres of shallow water, well grown in flags, were set apart as a breeding place for frogs. They breed and grow rapidly. Four thousand tadpoles were put into this breeding pen. Many of them are now of a marketable size, and are worth $2.50 and $3 a dozen. In catching them for market a light at night is used. They stare at the light, and can be caught and handled with ease in its glare. In catching large quantities of carp the lake is drained off. In winter the marketable fish are kept in small ponds.

It is interesting to observe the water farmer at his work. He can use a horse for side purposes, but he needs neither, plow, planter nor reaper. Suppose he has gone out to feed. He has with him middlings or other grain. He goes to the breeding pond, sounds a gong or blows a whistle and thousands of frogs come hopping from their shelter. They eat the food ravenously, and become so tame that the farmer handles them as a woman does her pet chickens. The same food is just the thing for young and old carp. "Fish and frogs take to grain and grain products," said Mr. Manlove, "like a boy does to apple dumpling. Part of the season it is not necessary to feed my stock at all. The water grass seeds make the finest food for fish, and at certain times of the year I rarely prepare a fish for the table that I do not find him filled with grass seed."—Indianapolis News.

Diamond Went Up a Flume.

A Brunswick man who was the owner of a fine diamond stud was cleaning it in front of the stove recently when some of the bystanders attracted his attention. In turning round the diamond slipped from his fingers and flew in the stove. The stove was immediately cleaned out, but no trace of the diamond could be found. Probably he will clean the rest of his diamonds in front of the register rather than the cook stove.—Bangor News.

Legislative Reform.

Bezumby—I think it would be a good idea to have congressmen elected in duplicate.

Mr. Gilhooly—What for?

Bezumby—So that one could monkey with politics while the other attended to business.—Texas Siftings.

A Nuisance Out of the Way.

Bronson (to his next door neighbor)—I wish I had your voice, Squawker.

Squawker (flattered)—Do you?

Bronson—Yes, I do. If I had it it wouldn't annoy the neighbors.—West Shore.

A Work of Art.

Caller (examining new landscape painting)—That is an American scene, is it not?

Mrs. Struckile—Y-e s, but the artist didn't know a word of English.—New York Weekly.

Girls, Don't Be Forward.

Man is yet a little bit of a savage, and the hunt is always a delight to him. Your eyes may reflect his love, but they need not announce yours first, thereby sending out an invitation. My dear girl, ask almost any man you know what his favorite flower is, and after he has thought he will tell you either the violet or the rose. One grows surrounded and protected by green leaves, and to get it perfect—that is, with a stem—you have to reach down and pluck it carefully, but in a determined way. The other is guarded by sharp thorns, and though it stands up in a most dignified way, it resists, except by its encouraging sweetness, the one brave enough to take it from the parent tree.

You can learn a good lesson in a flower garden. You see the hollyhock plants and know that they are the forward beauties of the world of flowers; you see the lilies with their bowed heads, and are convinced that beauty without faith is of little worth; you are aware of a dainty perfume, and know that the little lady, whose qualities surpass her charms—the mignonette—is near; you can see the masculine girl in "Johnny-jump-ups;" you can see the positive one in the gaudy sunflower; you can see the aggressive one in the scarlet geranium, and you can think of them all and conclude this, the ones worth having, sweet of perfume and restful in color, are not the ones that protrude themselves on your vision, and say, as do some flowers and some maidens, "Take us."—Ruth Ashmore in Ladies' Home Journal.

Evening Up Time.

The extra day given to the month of February every four years, except the centennial years of time, and to these if they are divisible by 400, dates back to the time of Julius Cæsar, who first noticed that twelve lunar months were not quite enough to constitute a solar year, while thirteen were too many. Julius also noted the fact that 365 days were not enough for the year and that 366 exceeded what the calendar called for. Cæsar corrected this error by constituting every fourth year to consist of 366 days and the others of 365 each. The long or leap year was always known to be an exact multiple of four. This calendar was called the Julian and the mode of reckoning "old style."

This was quite an improvement on the old year, as it got within eleven minutes of the real period. When Gregory became pope in the Sixteenth century it was found that the simple error of eleven minutes each year had put time ahead ten whole days and nights in the comparatively short period of sixteen centuries. In order to get rid of this error Gregory had ten days taken out of October, reckoning the 5th as the 15th. Still yet there was that eleven minutes overplus. To get rid of this it was agreed that there should be no Feb. 29 in centennial years unless the year is divisible by 400. According to this plan everything is so evenly poised that there will not be an error of one whole day until the time when you begin to date your letters 5448.—St. Louis Republic.

Six Lucky Travelers.

The six poor travelers whom Dickens made famous years ago still partake of the hospitality of Richard Watts. I happened to be passing the queer little gray building in Rochester's main street, and was allowed by the courteous housekeeper to take a hasty look around. The inspection was necessarily hasty, as the six poor travelers had just come in and were engaged upon the hearty meal which Watts' will provides for them, viz., a pound of bread, half a pound of meat and half a pint of stout. I was shown the wash house, in which certain preliminaries to the banquet are transacted, and the delightfully clean little white washed chambers in which the weary travelers rest their limbs. These are up in a little gallery and are about 300 years old.—Cor. Pall Mall Gazette.

Queer Facts About Goldfish.

Goldfish that swim in globes of water in our parlors are very sensible to changes in the weather, and an observant person may learn to rely on them to foretell the coming of a storm. At such times the fish are restless. They dart about from place to place, and never remain long in one spot, as in mild, pleasant weather. They may be taught, when kept in a large tank, to approach their attendant by ringing a bell. Another of their peculiarities is that they may be frozen in a lump of ice in December and be thawed out alive in April. Although goldfish are now reared and kept as pets all over this country, they were first brought here from China only thirty years ago.—New York Sun.

Some Mistake.

Sharpwit—I have a neighbor whom I want to drive out, so I can get his property cheap. I have tried keeping chickens, dogs and parrots, but without success. A neighbor of yours, however, tells me you have a pet which he will warrant to clear a neighborhood of inhabitants in less than no time, but I forgot to ask what it was. Have you any particularly noisy parrots or anything of that kind?

Suburban Woman—Indeed I haven't anything at all except a little kitten. There must be some mistake. Jane! Jane! The baby has waked up. Go to him quick.—Good News.

Irish Attachment.

Barrington tells some touching anecdotes in illustration of the devoted attachment of the Irish peasantry to the gentry—an attachment, however, which sometimes became embarrassing, as when a faithful gamekeeper, hearing his mistress say of a gentleman she disliked, "I wish the fellow's ears were cut off!" "took a few boys with him and brought back Dennis Bodkin's ears in a large snuff box," which "with joy in his eye," he placed in the hands of his mistress.—Spectator.

No Regard for Her Feelings.

A Texas family has a colored servant who, while very attentive to her duties, has never been known to give anybody a civil answer. Purely as an experiment, the lady of the house bought her a new calico dress and gave it to her, saying, "I am glad to have the pleasure, Matildy, of giving you this dress."

"Yer mout hab had dat pleasure long agc ef yer had had any regard fo' my feelings," was the gracious reply.—New York Ledger.

Woozy.

"Now don't get woozy, young man." The speaker was one who might be typified as a "gentle gazelle," and 'twas on the beach at Sausalito, across the bay. "Woozy" has caught the town. Future lexicographers will have to put "woozy" in their dictionaries, but when it comes to defining the word they will get decidedly "woozy."—Arizona Republican.

A Census Revelation.

The Second district of Gibson county, Tenn., has three men whose combined families number sixty persons. One of them has seventy-seven grandchildren.—St. Louis Republic.

Crazy Inventors.

Side by side with the greatest inventions of the age are classed the craziest offsprings of the human brain. Today some mighty Edison patents an idea which lights the world and to-morrow some lunatic offers a plan by which all humanity can lift themselves to heaven by their boot straps. In looking through the patent office you are surprised at the wisdom and the foolishness of man's intellect. The one is as great as the other, and from the foolish point of view it would seem that when an idea of a patent creeps into an inventor's house common sense flies out of his window.—Frank G. Carpenter's Letter.

To Make Wheat Bread.

Whole wheat bread, that is so much recommended now for children and dyspeptics, is made with one quart of lukewarm water, a little salt, one-half cup of yeast, one-half cup of sugar, two large spoonfuls of molasses, one large spoonful of shortening, eight and a half cups of flour. Do not knead it. Stir it with a spoon to moderately stiff batter and let it stand over night. In the morning put it in pans, let it rise, then bake. This quantity will make two good sized loaves. This recipe is vouched for by a mother who never lets her children eat any other kind of bread.—Exchange.

WOMAN.

Fairer than all the fantasies that dart
Adown the dreams of our most favored sleep,
Thy perfect form, since Eden's day, doth keep
The constant pattern of a perfect art!
Yet more must we admire thy better part
The spirit strong to smile when others weep—
And well know we who sail life's ocean deep
There is no haven like a woman's heart.

Thus, often weary ere the strife is won,
Tired of my task, my head I fain would lay
In some good lady's lap, as did "the Dane,"
And watch the action of the world go on,
Knowing 'tis but a play within a play,
The fleeting portion of an endless plan
—C. H. Crandall in Lippincott's Magazine.

Cheating a Big Corporation.

Many are the ways taken to pass the elevated railroad ticket chopper and leave no ticket for him to chop. There is a small Italian boy somewhere in this town who can give almost any one points on this business. He rushed up the stairs at the Park place station a few days ago, in close pursuit of a negro youth. The negro had just dropped his ticket in the box when the Italian reached the head of the stairs. He tried to get out of sight, but the Italian had his eyes on him.

"Hi, there, you nig!" he shouted, "whata for you cheata me?"

"What's he done?" asked the sympathetic chopper.

"Craps," briefly responded the Italian, "an' now he runnin' away witha all me mun. I fixa heem you letta me in."

"Go ahead," said the chopper, scenting sport.

The Italian shot after the negro, and much loud talk ensued, during which the chopper kept close watch on the two, and three trains went by.

"Come! hurry up there," at length called out the chopper; "get your money or slug him and get out." Then his attention was attracted to the other end of the platform, a train came up the same instant, the Italian and the negro stopped their wrangling, walked quietly but quickly aboard, and sat down side by side. One who had watched the proceeding from the beginning took a seat opposite.

"I don that up neata, ha?" remarked the Italian.

"Yer did, fur shore," replied the negro solemnly.—New York Times.

Pairing in the House.

There is absolutely no protection thrown about the matter of arranging pairs in the house. The only rule upon the subject says that after the first call of the day all pairs shall be announced by the clerk. The practice is for members making the pairs to hand the announcement of them to the clerk, who sees they are printed in The Record. No questions are asked, and the members fix up the pairs to suit themselves. Thus, when a member is absent and is not paired, he can telegraph to a colleague and find some member on the other side in the same situation, when it is arranged that The Record shall state that these two absent members were paired.

One member who went to Europe without taking the precaution to get a pair was used to protect half a dozen members in one day. It was also found that he was paired with a member who never knew the other man was absent from Washington.—Philadelphia Press.

The Power of the Baby.

No people on the globe love their children so much as the Chinese and Japanese, and nowhere do children so much respect their parents.

The Coreans laugh and chat with their children, and the Burmese mother pets her baby and sings it lullabys.

The Turks spend hours in playing with their children, and the most savage of the Indians spend time in making toys for their babies.

There is no country in the world which the squalling infant does not rule, and on the shores of every ocean and the center of every land the baby is king.—Washington Letter.

PEACE NOT YET DECLARED.—As long as the fight lasts among the wall paper annfacturers the Fidelity Wall Paper Co., of No 12 North Eleventh street, Philadelphia, will give the public the advantage of the drop in prices. We get this from them direct. Send four two cent stamps for samples of their 9, 12 and 15c gilts.

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If you will send us your address, we will mail you our illustrated pamphlet explaining all about Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and Appliances, and their charming effects upon the nervous debilitated system, and how they will quickly restore you to vigor and manhood. Pamphlet free. If you are thus afflicted, we will send you a Belt and Appliances on a trail.

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SIXTEEN TRANS-CONTINENTAL PASSENGER TRAINS DAILY.

Under the new train schedule which the Northern Pacific Railroad inaugurates June 15th, 1890, there will be sixteen trans-continental passenger trains moving daily on this great line, eight east bound and eight west bound, exclusive of 108 local, main and branch line passenger trains running daily west of St. Paul, Ashland and Duluth in Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington on its 3800 miles of track.

Chas. S. Fee, General Passenger Agent of the line at St. Paul, announces that under the new arrangement the first through train, the Pacific Express, leaves St. Paul at 8.15 a. m., daily, with a through Pullman Palace Sleeping Car, leaving Chicago daily at 5.30 p. m. via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, running via Helena and Tacoma direct to Portland, and making close connections at St. Paul with all trains leaving St. Louis in the forenoon and Chicago in the afternoon of the previous day, arriving at Tacoma 10.50 a. m. of the third day and Portland the same afternoon.

The second through train, No. 1, the Pacific Mail, leaving St. Paul at 4.15 p. m., daily, making close connections with the "Fast Mail," and all night trains out of Chicago, will carry a through Pullman Palace Sleeping Car and one or more Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars leaving Chicago at 10.45 p. m. daily via the Wisconsin Central line, running through to Portland via Helena and Tacoma. Both trains out of St. Paul will carry Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars, but free colonist sleepers will be run only on train No. 1, leaving St. Paul at 4.15 p. m.

The Northern Pacific now operates the largest equipment of dining cars of any railroad in the world, twenty-four, and also the longest Pullman sleeping car line in existence, namely: Chicago to Portland via Tacoma, and is the only line running these sleepers to the principal trade centres and pleasure resorts in Northern Minnesota, North Dakota, Manitoba, Montana and Washington.

The recently completed Butte Air Line of the Northern Pacific makes this the shortest route between Chicago and Butte by 120 miles and enables this company to announce a throug Pullman Sleeping Car service between St. Paul and Tacoma and Portland, via Butte, west on the 4.15 p. m. train east from Portland on the 7.00 a. m. Atlantic Mail.

Miscellaneous

Home seekers will find the last of the public domain of agricultural and grazing value along the Great Northern Ry. in North Dakota & Montana.	FREE LANDS
100 or more along the Great Northern Railway Line. Business chances. Write F. I. WHITNEY, St. Paul, Minn., for Books, Maps, &c. Write now.	NEW TOWNS
Settlers on free Government lands along the Great Northern Ry. Line in North Dakota and Montana get low rates and fine markets for products.	LOW RATES
Finest resorts in America along Great Northern Ry. Line in Minnesota, Dakota and Montana. Best climate for health seekers.	HUNTING. FISHING.
Montana produces the finest Horses and Cattle. Free ranges yet in Mouse, Milk and Sun River Valleys and Sweet Grass Hills.	HORSES, CATTLE.
Surrounded by a fine agricultural and grazing country, close to mines of precious metals, iron and coal, possessing a water power unequated in America, it is Montana's industrial centre.	GREAT FALLS.
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These have made Montana the richest State per capita in the Union. Plenty of room for more miners and stock-raisers. Now is the time.	HERDS, MINES.
Go to the Great Reservation of Montana and get a good free homestead. Low rates and Free Sleepers on Great Northern R'y Line. Go now.	MILK RIVER.
The regions tributary to Great Northern Railway Line in Montana produce all the precious and baser metals. New towns and railways are being built.	GOLD, COAL.
Along the Great Northern Railway Line in Montana are free ranches and pasturage, mines of precious metals, iron and coal, and new cities and towns. Now is your chance.	YOUNG MAN!
In Montana. Free Lands. New Towns, New Railw'ys, New Mines. Low Rates. Largest area of good vacant land.	HEALTH, WEALTH,
The valleys of Red, Mouse, Missouri, Milk and Sun Rivers reached by Great Northern R'y Line. Half rate excursions Sept. 9, 23 and Oct. 14 1890. Write F. I. WHITNEY, St. Paul, Minn.	G. N. R. L.

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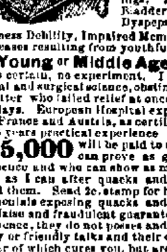
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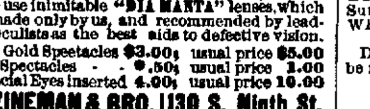
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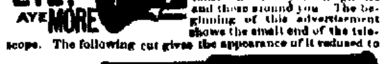
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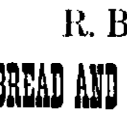
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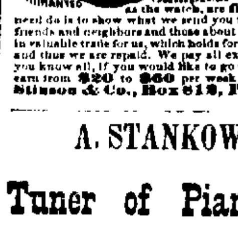
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